THE NEXT PROBLEM FOR THE WORLD

Who owns space?

BY SIDNEY KATZ

How you can tell if your child is accident prone

BARRY MORSE: THE BARRYMORE OF CANADIAN TV

MACLEAN'S

JANUARY 18 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

COVER: FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE
Winter twilight at Oxbow, Saskatchewan



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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- What would happen if illness hit the PM?
- How big roles are luring stars back home



JITTERS OVER THE U.S. LEADERSHIP TAG whenever Eisenhower is knocked out of action by illness (and it won't be unlimited here). In any emergency of the PM the Canadian constitution is solid for a smooth changeover. The leadership would pass immediately in an acting PM—in the present case, House leader Howard Green (An acting PM is also given a senior cabinet member who doesn't aspire to be prime minister. C. D. Howe was acting PM under St. Laurent.) Then a party convention would be called to replace the ailing leader.

WHATEVER THE UPSHOT of the big (700 delegates strong) prestige funded Canadian Conference on Education in Ottawa Feb. 16 to 20, one of the major surprises will be sprung by the Canadian Legion. Industry, institutions and government groups have been junking up to send the most august representatives possible. The Legion—going everybody one better—won consent from the first two men it asked. Its delegates: Legion members Lester Pearson, Sidney Smith.

AFTER YEARS OF LOSING TOP TALENT to Broadway and the West End, CBC-TV is now finding Canadian stars will at the national affair to return to Canada for interesting assignments. Barbara Chilcott, who came from London in play Madge in Folio's Canadian production of Jim Corbett's House on Jan. 9, will be followed Jan. 23 by Bill Holt, who'll take time off from Tyrone Guthrie's old Broadway production of The Matropolitos Secret to star in a Folio production of Diary of a Scoundrel. And Frances Hyland, a hit in the outstanding Broadway success Look Homeward Angel, has a unique contract that will give her time off to rejoin the Stratford Festival next season.

WATCH NEXT JUNE'S BRIDES GOING, not coming. Their gowns will be modest at the front, bedecked in back. You'll see bows, knots, flying and attached panels, flounces, peplums and even bustles, trimmed with sequins, seed pearls, bugle beads, appliqué lace, Fairford fabrics, nylon tricot and sheer silk organza. Chantilly type lace, guipure cotton.

LIFE'S GETTING FASTER—AND DEADLIER. Legal highway speed limits will soon jump from 50 to 60 mph on some Manitoba and B.C. highways on a test basis. Ontario government traffic authorities, who have set 55 mph limits on some stretches, admit they'll try 60 mph zones into by summer. The official reason: higher powered cars travel faster in safety. But this is in spite of tests that show the safest speed is 32 miles an hour. Meanwhile, Canada's highway death rate rises steadily.

WATCH FOR

A PRAIRIE WOMAN'S BID FOR LIQUOR REFORM / NEW NAME IN MOVIES / A SIZZLING SATIRE



Bette Ann

WOMAN TO WATCH: Saskatchewan MLA Mary Batten, who brands Saskatchewan's liquor laws a disgrace, far removed from what the people want, is leading a drive to have them thrown out. Mrs. Batten and her Young Liberal campaigners are drinking strong CCF opposition for every new request to change liquor laws their aim: more than 100 to leave them "lone" minus Provincial Treasurer C. M. Fines. But crusader Mary Batten thinks back. "The CCF draws great support from abstainers and needs to stand softly when dealing with liquor questions."

MAN TO WATCH: Toronto's Murray Nash, what last year's thinning the busiest onscreen in U.S. movies. Has played in 12 features in two years (among them Charlie Chaplin's A King in New York). Tunes Look from Arthur Hailey's TV dramas and has three more coming. Next to show: Juan Tan Ling Hunt with Victor Mature and Diana Dors. As a cowboy, Buck Nash has since now will star in weekly western on Radio Luxembourg.

REVUE TO WATCH: McGill's follow-up to My Fur Lady, a space-age jump stuffed with satellites and swooshing rockets. Titled Wry and Ginger, it opens in Montreal Feb. 6. The spoof will turn on a mess-sanitary search for the two "most dependable" Canadians who'll be blasted in the moon. Big song: Wrin Madly Madly Madly Madly Montreal. The revue's patron: freshman MP and one-time comedian John Pratt (Maclean's, Sept. 28) has meanwhile recruited Gratino Gelinas in hiring the writers of Fur Lady to call liberals an an English-language revue for his Grande Carnaval.

CANNED TV

Filmed adventure serials make good

CANNED AND CORNY adventure serials draw more holier than thou jibes from Canadians than any aspect of U.S. television. But it's becoming ironically clear that these same shows are good bets in mass-audience and more cultural programming on CBC-TV. These hefty straws are in the wind:

Ratings have been (comparatively) good and sponsors so (comparatively) pleased that Norm Jolin Productions of Toronto is already planning a second round for both their Last of the Mohicans and Tugboat Annie series. CBC will undoubtedly carry both.

What canny ratings have risen steadily as the CBC's own blow by blow applause (Maclean's, Jan. 17, 1953).



starring Jacques Godin. Now the CBC is beginning to talk about a *third* cycle.

The press panned the expensive first series (shown last season) so thoroughly that Radisson turned into a political hot potato before the last Indian ran. Targets were quality and cost to the taxpayer. Nevertheless the show's ratings climbed to a new high for the Saturday-night 9 o'clock slot on CBC-TV, and no minimal report on audience in action, now in the hands of the board of governors, was markedly favorable.

The second series (now showing) has had no better critical reception. What's more, it's proving even more costly. For instance the crew went to Mingan, P.Q. for a cost of $2,000 a day) and lost four days to rain. Another five because one set in full-rigged ship built on a crib in the middle of a lake broke up during a gale. But audiences seem to like it more than ever.

Meanwhile, the first series has been sold to WPIX, a local New York TV station. The price tag was $2,000 per show. But the CBC's embarrassed WPIX demanded extensive refurbishing. Cost of this glamorizing: $1,500 per show. Result: no payments to date and a total $1,000 per show. Total loss to the CBC per show sold: $500.

—BARBARA MOON

PREVIEWING WORLD HOCKEY

What happens if we lose at Oslo? Time will be ripe for an NHL tour

IF WHITBY DUNLOPS do not win the so-called world hockey championship in Oslo Norway between Feb. 28 and Mar. 9 it is intensely conceivable that Toronto Maple Leafs or Montreal Canadiens will go overseas for an exhibition tour within a year.

It's inevitable sooner or later" says Stafford Smythe, chairman of the seven administrators of the NHL. Toronto Maple Leafs. As the calibre of the game improves in Europe Smythe is convinced the time growth means for us to show the people over there how we really play the game.

Smythe and his father Conn Smythe president of Maple Leaf Gardens are not among those who feel the Whitby team will be defeated however. Conn Smythe, who watched the Russians in their recent tour of Canada—in which they won four, lost two and tied one against eastern senior and junior teams—says the Russians reminded him of German Panzer divisions during World War II.

"The Germans army had a lot of show and swagger" says Smythe who was an artillery major. "They looked unbeatable. But they didn't have the individual capacity under all that glitter. Little old bedraggled guys of the 8th Army tore them to pieces. That's what the Whitby Dunlop team reminds me of—those guys with guts."

A Canadian team not yet untamed will visit Russia next November for a week playing two or three games in Moscow and one or two in Leningrad—part of the original agreement that brought the Russians to Canada.

This would be an ideal opportunity for either Leafs or Canadiens to play in Russia. The bravery of the team would not interrupt the NHL schedule too severely. There has been no hint that such an undertaking is in the wind but that could change if the Dunlops were to take a pasting in Oslo. It would involve a work-up out of details between the NHL and the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association and a revision of the NHL schedule.

"I feel our national honor—if you want to call it that—is at stake" says Stafford Smythe. "And I'm sure I'm speaking for Frank Selke (Montreal's managing director) and Jack Adams (Detroit's general manager) and certainly for my father when I say that we'd like to go after our servant's and make a real tour of it."

The youngest Smythe says there's no doubt in his mind that the Russians are professionals. "They play hockey all winter and get paid for it by their government. I think it's about time our government started taking an interest in our athletes. It's disgraceful the way we have to scrounge to send a team to the Olympic Games. The government sets up career diplomats in pretty rum surroundings in foreign countries but treats our athletes like poor relations. Sports get a minimum of international publicity and don't deserve to be ignored.

But George Dudley secretary of the CAHA isn't interested in getting financial aid from the government. "We have got to be careful how we go in getting the government interested in sports" he says. "He who pays the piper calls the tune."

—TRENT FRAYNE



Dudley "No subsidies"

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER



Trouble for tax men / buddies for bureaucrats



IN THE PRIVATE opinion of George Nowlan the income tax department did as much as any other single thing to defeat the Liberals...

FIVE THOUSAND ...

In Health and Welfare ...

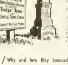
George Hees in Transport ...



BACKSTAGE IN A RACIAL SORE SPOT

Maclean's revisits Dresden, scene of Canada's touchiest Negro question

THREE WEEKS AGO ...



Backstage IN MUSIC / Why and how they bounced musicians-union czar Murdoch

EARLY IN DECEMBER ...



Ex boss Murdoch

Background

- Myth of the Grey Nuns
- Hagen wasn't "kidnapped"
- Comeback of the Shylocks



When Rome returns ...

There's a shock for anyone who believes higher living standards automatically ...

Newspaper readers were mildly amused ...

Loan sharks may be dipping into more pockets ...

Fed up with their statusless existence, ...

Editorial

In defense of the humble egghead

DR. A. W. TRUEMAN, director of the Canada Council, lately struck a blow for that much sneered at soul, the egghead.

"This is a term," said Dr. Trueman, "used by those who might well be called the dough-heads of a community to describe persons of education, mind, taste, refinement and sensibility. Almost everything in the history of the world which in any way has nourished the human mind and spirit has been provided by those whom these unimaginative and often envious people are pleased to call egghead."

Time enough, and it needed saying. The campaign against the intellectual on this continent, which reached a frightful climax in the heyday of Senator Joe McCarthy, has not yet run its course. Even if Sputnik seems to have brought it to an end, this was true only by the wrong reasons and therefore not a real one. It's high time somebody spoke out in defense of intelligence and against those who hold it in contempt.

Our only argument with Dr. Trueman, a mild and peripheral one, is about his allocation of blame. In our view the real author of the campaign against the mind is not Senator whom we would call Dough-head. He is not one of the illiterate or half-literate who in most countries are amiable folk and whose motto is "live and let live." These people don't mind the egghead—insofar as they are aware of him at all. They rather admire him.

The real enemy, the man who first adopted this sneer word seven or eight years ago is a once-a renegade or unhonked egghead himself. He is a man with the same aptitudes, the same skills often much the same education as the intellectual whom he tries to belittle. You can find him anywhere—in advertising agency, an editor's chair, a pulpit, a TV studio or a legislative chamber.

He is the organization man, the operator, the self-appointed self-anointed social engineer. He is the man in the gray flannel suit and the sincere tie who claims to know what people want better than they know themselves and can give you figures to prove it. He is the persuader, the propagandist, the advocate in any field who knows his greatest enemy to be the free enquiring human mind, and who therefore puts scornful labels on those who like to think for themselves. He has got a rather dismaying hold on several means of communication and he has a lot of authority although he doesn't actually make up do anything at all.

To this man it is a necessity, a compulsion, to post sentry on intellectual night. He must reject the values of a thinking man. If he did not, if he accepted them, he would be compelled to see that this newest profession has own beetle-like resemblance to a much older one.

Hard times are when you make them

THERE IS GRIM and palpable evidence in lengthening jobless rolls and shrinking investment that the country's loose living bill-line is going to be cinched back a few notches this winter. There is as yet no evidence at all that we are hell-bent for a smash to echo 1929. For all the charts, scales and laws of the market, economists can't fix the point where recession becomes irretrievably committed to depression. About all they can say is what everybody else knows: there's a depression when enough people think there is and start acting accordingly. Meanwhile the simple truth is more Canadians are earning more money right now than at any time in this country's up-and-down history.

Mailbag

- The PM's wife: is Olive too much with us?
- Adherents of the fifth Commandment rise in defense
- Are prisons "destroying" young lawbreakers?

It was no surprise to find on opening our Dec. 21 Maclean's a picture of Mrs. Diefenbaker. What gentlemen face confronts us more often than the wife of the prime minister? We are really getting a little tired of gazing at him. Does Mr. Diefenbaker consider his job to be primarily social? No other man in high office that I can think of has ever lugged a woman along so consistently.—CONSTANCE JOHNSTON, TORONTO

★ It's an interesting portrait of a charming and populist woman. However, I deplore the two references to Churchill with their implication that he was delighted at the results of the Canadian federal election. I doubt the actual truth of these remarks for certainly in his long term Churchill has rarely been in unanimous. To say the least such references are in bad taste and will do nothing to promote Anglo-Canadian friendship.—D. JOHNSON, POINTE AU HURT, SASK.

Golden rule pitfalls still unexplored?

I venture to suggest that in your head-line, Brock Chisholm explores the pitfalls of the Ten Commandments (Dec. 21) a Maclean's editor committed a gaffe almost as outstanding as your comment on the return in office of the Liberal Party which wasn't returned in office. One thing Brock Chisholm definitely failed to do in his piece was explore the Ten Commandments for alone their pitfalls. The only Commandment upon which Dr. Chisholm risked comment—despite the headline—was the fifth. In that connection he will, I think, admit that parents who have themselves



been brought up in the spirit and the letter of the Ten Commandments and who have continued in that orderly way, be, most healthy of regard and honor from their children. Thus the Fifth Commandment receives nationwide confirmation.—R. H. HAMBLETT, BRENT WOOD BAY, B.C.

★ That courageous prophet of a new era, Brock Chisholm, has shown great clarity of thought in pointing out the foolishness of adhering to those obsolete vestiges of the superstitions past, the Ten Commandments.

What a splendid place Canada will be to live in when we can educate all Canadians to disregard every one of the Ten Commandments, instead of just a few as we do now.

I am sure that anyone clever enough to know more than God Almighty Himself would have no difficulty in finding the solutions to the problems this world faces.—GERALD WRIGHT STEINBACHMAN

Advice for fearless football forecasters

When Blue Bombers beat the Eskimos, Annis Stukus ate out in Jim Coleman's regards. I think in view of what happened to the Grey Cup, the least John Kerns could do would be to eat the



issue of Maclean's (Dec. 7) in which he explained why the east couldn't possibly win for years.—SHERMAN V. RIDGE, HUNTSVILLE, ONT.

★ I would like to apologize for the west in not living up to your football prediction. There in the west football is considered with honor and dignity. But fans do not tackle football players or stop them simply because officials will not allow anyone past the back. Our coaches do not get into fistfights or slander another club because they would be fined if they did. The Eskimos along with other western clubs are proving that the wounded don't cry out vain.—HUGH TEITT, MILLER, STEVE PLAYS, ALTA.

Wipe out Red Ryan's shadow

On your article "Why Red Ryan's Shadow Still Hangs Over Every Prison Yard" (Dec. 7) We do not seem to mind spending millions of dollars to keep prisoners in jail to embitter them to destiny their souls but how we hoard the money is needed to help make them better citizens. That is considered sheer extravagance. Let us stop "destroying" young offenders.—HUGH M. SHIELDS, PORT ARTHUR, ONT.

The Queen: indifferent and aloof?

June Callwood's article on the Queen (Dec. 7) stated "The Queen's inexperience etc." what BOSH. The Queen is not inexperienced at meeting the public. She was trained to do that job. Why don't we stop making excuses for her aloof indifference toward the public? If she'd forget herself and think about the people who are eager to meet her she'd be more gracious. Surely a few off the cuff kindly remarks wouldn't strain her intellect too much or would it?—FRANCES C. STACEY, SASKATOON.

★ June Callwood needs further exposure to good manners.—STAN BROWN, CORNERBROOK, ALTA.

MORE MAIL BAG ON PAGE 39



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Will you "weather the winter" in good health?

During the stormy disagreeable winter months the usual seasonal illnesses especially colds, pneumonia and influenza may strike with increasing frequency. And this winter brings another variety of influenza—Asian flu.

The symptoms of Asian flu are much like those of other "grippy" colds: fever, marked tiredness, and aching, especially in the back and legs. Should these symptoms occur call your doctor, go to bed and stay there until he tells you that the likelihood of complications is over.

Asian flu has thus far been a relatively mild disease of short duration. Barring complications, doctors recommend home care rather than hospital treatment.

Asian flu, like a severe cold, can lead to pneumonia. Medical science however has become increasingly skillful in treating pneumonia with antibiotic drugs. Today, all but a very small proportion of pneumonia cases are saved. But treatment must be started promptly by your doctor to bring pneumonia under control quickly.

How you combat any respiratory disease depends a lot on your physical condition. While it is wise to maintain your general health in every way, it is equally wise to take preventive measures which may help guard against all respiratory infections.

Keep away from crowds as much as you can.

Guard against chilling and dress warmly.

Avoid people who have respiratory disease.

Cover your coughs and sneezes with paper tissues.

Dispose of used tissues immediately.

Wash your hands thoroughly before eating.

Wash eating utensils in hot, "sudsy" water, scald them in boiling water and let them drain dry or use disposable cups and dishes.

Isolate any member of your family who has cold or flu like symptoms.

Your doctor may also advise vaccination against Asian flu.

Be sure to stay in bed as long as your doctor recommends. If you stay out of circulation, others will be protected from your infection.

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Contents

VOLUME 71 — JANUARY 18, 1958 — NUMBER 2

Preview ... 1
Backstage ... 2
Editorial and Mailbag ... 4

Articles

Space: who owns it, anyway? Sidney Katz ... 13
Is your child accident prone? Eric Hutton ... 16
Louis Archambault's wonderful wall. Bill Stephenson ... 18
The prime minister's home town. Marjorie Wilkins Campbell ... 24
The star who can't stop acting. Barbara Moon ... 26

Fiction

The stowaway. John Norman Harris ... 22

Departments

For the sake of argument. Why the West should stop supporting Israel. Fred V. Winnett ... 8
London letter. Khrushchev's fable for a Red birthday. Beverley Baxter ... 10
Maclean's movies. Rated by Clyde Gilmour ... 29
Sweet & sour ... 30
Jasper. Cartoon by Simpkins ... 44
In the editors' confidence ... 55
Parade ... 56

Photographs in this issue



The cover

As a boy in Oxbow, Sask., Maclean's editor Ralph Allen sleighed on these slopes. Back there late one afternoon with artist **Franklin Arbuckle** a while ago he remarked that, somehow the hills seemed less steep than he remembered them—the years can do that.

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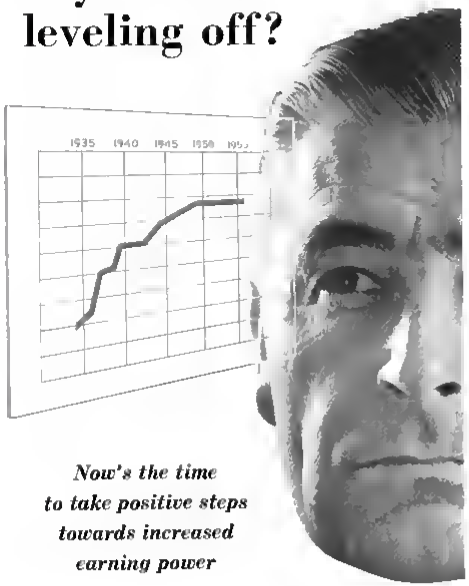
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For the sake of argument



FRED V. WINNETT TELLS

Why the West should stop supporting Israel

I have returned from the Middle East with the overwhelming conviction that there can be no lasting peace nor stability in that area unless Western support of Israel is withdrawn. There is no other action which will allay the fears of the Arabs, remove the anti-Western sentiment which prevails and halt the spread of Russian influence. The idea being zealously advocated in some quarters that the problem of the Middle East can be solved by granting economic aid, provided that the aid be on sufficiently large and generous scale, seems to me completely misleading. It ignores the fact that the problems are fundamentally political and moral rather than economic in character. The basic cause of all the unrest is not the prevalence of a low standard of living but Israel—what she has done and what she threatens to do. No amount of wishful thinking can alter this fact and no proposed solution of Middle East difficulties will be effective unless it takes this fact clearly into account.

"We may lose the Arab world"

The first and indispensable step toward restoring peace and stability is that the West discontinue its financial and military aid to Israel, a state which to the Arabs is the incarnation of all evil—the crowning example of Western disregard of Arab rights and standing, menace to Arab peace and security. Unless this is done, we may well witness the loss of the whole Arab world to the Communist bloc. The near loss of Jordan earlier this year and the recent seizure of power by an anti-Western pro-Russian group in Syria are clear indications of the way the tide is running. If the West wishes to retain its position in the Middle East it must seriously reconsider—and reconsider soon—the matter of its relations with Israel.

What the Arabs ask of the West as the price of their friendly cooperation is first that it compel Israel to make some amends to the eight hundred and fifty thousand refugees who have lost their homes as a result of her political ambitions and second that it deprive Israel of the power to inflict similar harm on them in the future. In a word, what the Arabs ask of the West is justice and security. Those are timely demands. Israel's requests. It was the West which inflicted the whole problem upon them. Therefore, it is up to the West to help them solve it. They cannot do so alone.

Let us consider first the demand for justice for the refugees. A solution of the refugee problem is hampered by the refusal of Israel to admit her responsibility for creating it. While she has tried to make the world believe that the Arabs fled at the orders of the Arab High Command and that their present miseries are the result of their own doing, full investigation has shown clearly that the main Arab flight was precipitated by the policy of deliberate terrorism adopted by the Zionist forces in an attempt to cow the Arabs into submission and break their will to further resistance. The responsibility of the Zionists for creating the Arab refugee problem was recognized from the start by the United Nations, which called upon Israel to repatriate all refugees who wished to return and to pay compensation to the rest. The responsibility of the Zionists has also been recognized by the leading modern historian Arnold J. Toynbee who in his great Study of History, vol. 8, p. 289, denounces the Zionists for treating the Arabs in the same way that the Nazis treated the Jews. Zionism, in spite of its high ideals, has sunk in this time to the lowest of moral depths in its determination to attain political power, leaving a stain on the conscience of Israel which has not yet been removed.

The responsibility for creating the Arab

continued on page 47

PROFESSOR FREDERICK V. WINNETT IS THE HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NEAR EASTERN STUDIES OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.



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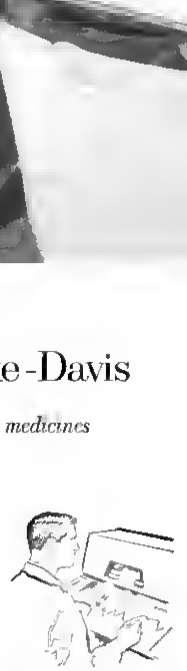
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To make sure you're getting the vitamins you may require, see your doctor. His experience and judgment will enable him to prescribe the right vitamin preparation to meet your specific needs.



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RICHNESS. For over 40 years, Parke-Davis scientists have been studying vitamins. Significant Parke-Davis contributions in this field include: the development of ways to measure vitamin B, recognition of the importance of vitamin B₁₂ development of sources of high potency vitamin A, and recognition of folic acid.





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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Khrushchev's fable for a Red birthday

Human memory is a curious and selective thing. It clings to minor incidents, as a miser hoards his gold and flings away important happenings with the recklessness of a prodigate. Thus when I went on a parliamentary mission to Berlin in the winter of 1946 there were three unimportant incidents that I now recall as if they happened last week.

The first concerned a surly armed Russian soldier at the entrance to the Soviet Zone who carefully held my passport upside down and studied it with marked suspicion. The second was of four French, British, Russian and American soldiers on guard in the corridor leading to a hall where the military representatives of the conquerors were in session. Suddenly the Russian soldier walked over to the American, pulled him to his feet and then danced him wildly around the floor. After which they resumed their duty.

The third cameo is of a handsome Russian soldier with light brown hair standing on guard at a memorial in Unter Den Linden. He looked so youthful and so lonely that we waved to him in passing and with an engaging smile he waved in return.

I have turned back to these memories because the world today is faced with the relentless cold war between the Soviet and the West. Under the dictatorship of one little man the prodigious brandy-swilling Khrushchev the world is held in the grip of suspicion and apprehension. Not that brandy befits a mere engine like Churchill's train did in the Hitler war. The staff of the London hotel where Khrushchev stayed during the famous 11 and 12 will speak with awe of his performance with the bottle.

The rise of Khrushchev to his present much flaunted position is sensational. But like most dictators his is short and his views in his star act his appearance is difficult to understand. But such are his qualities that he has made himself into a living legend passing dull Josin of Ats Napoleon and Hitler. Perhaps in his dreams he recalls that Napoleon died in exile and that Hitler and the Maid of Orleans were consumed in flames. But we continued on page 54



Hands [illegible] Khrushchev



From [illegible] Hill



[illegible] Falls

From tots to teen-agers...



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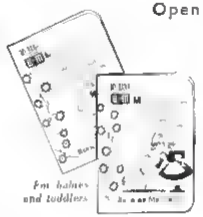
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For [illegible]

Parents, grandparents and other doting relatives need not be alerted—can make a hit with the youngest set by giving them special bankbooks with boys' or girls' names on the cover. For babies and toddlers you can get attractive bankbooks in pink or blue.



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IN NEW BRUNSWICK

GOOD ROADS LEAD TO GOOD SPORT



Since the end of World War II there's been a booming growth in New Brunswick's tourist industry. More than 800,000 visitors traveled to the province last year, adding some $25 million to the economy.

Good sport—such as angling for the hard-hitting Atlantic silver salmon, hunting black bear and deer—draws many of these visitors. And good roads carry them to it.

New Brunswick highway authorities are well aware of the vital importance of good roads, not only in building a profitable tourist industry, but in serving the province's expanding economy in general.

In 1956, for example, 250 newly paved miles were added to New Brunswick's highway network. And it was expected that construction work in 1957 would bring the province's total dust-free road mileage to 2,900. It's now possible to make a complete circuit of the province by automobile without leaving a hard-surfaced road—and the scenery's magnificent!

Progress like this does not come cheap. In 1957, New Brunswick had a total roads budget—including the cost of new highway and bridge construction plus maintenance—of $24 million. And this figure can be expected to grow steadily in the years ahead, just as the province's tourist industry will grow.

But money spent for better roads cannot be considered an expense—it's an *investment*. For here, as throughout Canada, good roads *save* far more than they cost—in lives, time and money.

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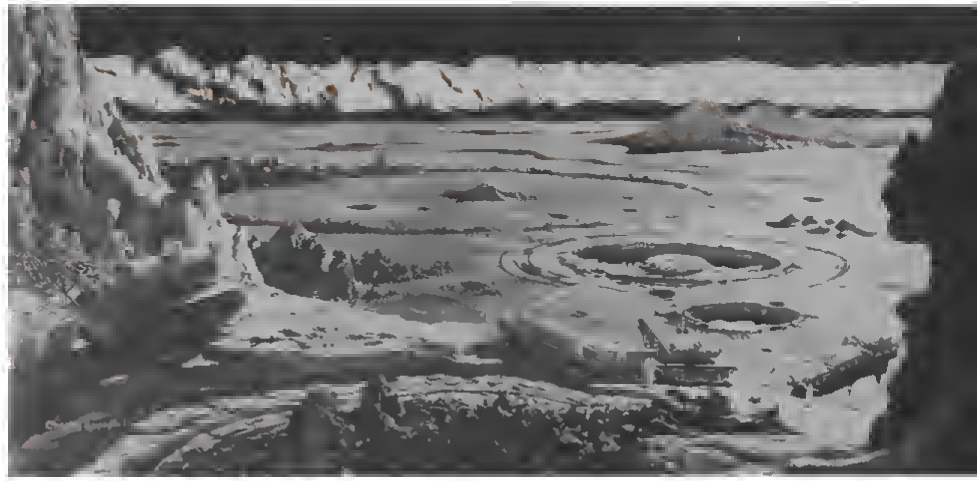
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The moon, as Sir Bernard Lovell thinks it might look to explorers, poses a tricky question. Always seen by man, can anyone disown it?

WHO OWNS IT, ANYWAY?

The sovereignty of space is up for grabs.

How high up does a nation go?

Ultimately the politicians will decide, meanwhile

lawyers are doing the talking.

Sputnik speaks for the Russians

BY SIDNEY KATZ

On November 6, 1957, three days after the Russians had launched Sputnik II, Prime Minister Diefenbaker was asked in the House if Canada's sovereignty had been violated. At times the earth satellite had passed over Canadian soil at a height of one hundred and fifty miles. The prime minister's reply was brief and noncommittal. It graphically underlined the fact that, from the point of view of international law, the sudden advent of the space age has caught the world unprepared.

In every world capital dozens of strange, complicated and occasionally preposterous questions are being asked. Some of the discussions are so fanciful that most laymen would expect them to be confined to devotees of science fiction. Yet in the serious students of international law and some of the most scholarly legal journals are debating points like these:

Did Sputnik violate the sovereignty of every country it passed over?

How high up does a nation's sovereignty extend?

If an artificial satellite falls to the ground and causes damage, who pays the bill?

What authority exists to prevent a nation from jamming the earth's communications? continued over page



Dr. Maxwell Cohen, professor, School of Law, McGill University
"The first nation to reach the moon couldn't necessarily claim sovereignty"



Dr. R. H. Mankiewicz, Civil Aviation Organization
"If the Russians build houses on the moon . . . that's in fact not law"



Dr. Eugene Pepin, director of the Institute of International Air Law, McGill University
"It's ridiculous to speak of establishing sovereignty at a line 600 miles above the earth"

"The sudden advent of the space age has caught the world unprepared . . . At present the field of space law is a bubbling cauldron of legal conjecture and opinion"



Oscar Schachter, director of legal affairs, United Nations
"The outer space, like the open sea, is not and should not be under the sovereignty of any national state whatever"



Andrew Haley, expert on "space law," Washington
"If the Russians put a rocket on the moon, under a classic principle of international law they may lay claim to the whole thing."



John C. Cooper, legal consultant, International Air Transport Association
Rocket ships and satellites don't fall within national or international regulation

systems by radio and TV broadcasting from a space station?

If a collision takes place between two space ships, who's responsible?

Should space ships laden with deadly weapons and spying cameras be allowed to circle the globe without restriction?

If Dr. Russians—or any other people—land on the moon first, does that mean they own it?

Can the first comers exploit the natural resources of the moon or any other planet without restriction?

And what about any installations on the moon, or any of our space ships? What laws would regulate our treatment of them—or their treatment of us?

The final answers to these questions will undoubtedly be made not by the lawyers and scientists but by politicians, statesmen and perhaps by generals. But this question, the greatest unbothered one space, has Nikita Khrushchev, whose scientists have ushered in the space age. However, in an effort to pierce the bubbling cauldron of space rights, many of the country's aviation lawyers are busy trying to work out their own solutions. Dr. Oscar Schachter, legal director of the UN, says: "The time to settle these questions about space rights are not far-fetched. They're practical and immediate." Dr. Maxwell Cohen and Dr. Eugene Pepin of McGill University's Institute of International Air Law call for the formation of an international space agency. "Such a body could anticipate and solve the problems which will arise," they say. Dr. C. Wilfred Jenks, an assistant of the Institute of International Law in London, England, urges haste. "The time factor does not allow a leisurely examination of the problem."

But the need for immediate regulations is about the only facet of space travel about which most lawyers seem to agree. At present the field of space law is a bubbling cauldron of legal conjecture, opinions and speculation. Consider, for example, the basic question: how far above the earth does a nation's air sovereignty extend? Two Russian lawyers, A. Kolkov and S. Krylov, gave a clear answer in the pre-Sputnik days of 1946: "There's no limit to the height. The USSR has the right of the skies over their country to infinity." Since then the Russians have remained diplomatically aloof from the debate.

John C. Cooper, of Princeton, N.J., legal consultant to the International Air Transport Association, says that sovereignty should extend to six hundred miles. Christopher Shawcross, an eminent English air lawyer, disagrees. His opinion is "unrealistic," while P. K. Roy of Montreal, legal director of the International Civil Aviation Organization, a UN agency that regulates international aviation traffic, says that such talk of sovereignty is futile and meaningless. "Because you can't place markers hundreds of miles up in the sky and because there's nothing in space as in current motion."

Basing his opinion on ICAO regulations, Eugene Pepin places the upper limits of sovereignty at fifty miles—beyond which there's not sufficient air density to sustain flight by conventional aircraft. "Present international laws were not intended to cover rockets and space ships," he says. Dr. Alex Meyer, the German air specialist, believes that the natural limit of jurisdiction is somewhere between 124 and 187 miles. This opinion is based on the belief that there is enough oxygen molecules at this height to regulate it as airspace. Some meteorologists have taken the view that national sovereignty should extend to seven thousand miles, but the same reason. The lack of an exact scientific definition of the boundary between atmospheric and outer space accounts for the wide divergence in these estimates.

Much of the confusion can be blamed on the wording of the regulations that now govern international air traffic. In 1944 twenty-six nations met in Chicago and agreed to abide by certain rules of the sky. In the spring of 1947 ICAO was established as the supervising body. Today some seventy nations belong to ICAO, not including Russia or Red China. Article 1 of the so-called "Chicago continued on page 43

Is your child accident prone?

It's not always through chance that some children have more accidents than others. Their personalities and home life can be a factor. Here's how parents can recognize and attack childhood's greatest menace

By Eric Hutton

Since a Viennese psychologist named Alfred Adler pronounced twenty years ago that some unknown factor in the human personality causes certain people to have repeated accidents the existence of accident proneness has become fairly well accepted. A little has even been learned about the unknown factor."

Police doctors employers and insurance companies suspect that those nervous worried humiliated and aggressive people are more likely than their well adjusted placid fellows to drive cars into each other to fall down stairs to get caught in machinery. One investigator decided that a tendency to have repeated accidents was a disease and named it accidentitis.

Children were rather ignored in these early studies. True they get into even more accidents than adults but that was assumed to be because they were not well equipped physically and mentally to cope with danger. Certainly it was thought a child could scarcely acquire the tensions and pressures that appeared to cause accidentitis in adults.

Recently though a few psychiatrists and pediatricians in Canada the United States and Britain have been exploring more deeply the wholly understood subject of accident proneness.

Can children be accident prone? If so at what age can the condition begin? How can parents recognize the symptoms? What can parents do to protect or cure an accident prone child? To what extent can parents themselves be responsible for accident proneness in their children?

The answer to the last question is undoubtedly the most startling. At least two major studies conducted in recent years indicate that parents behavior and attitudes can be directly responsible for infecting their children with accidentitis.

Long before it had a name or became a branch of psychiatry accident proneness was familiar to non professionals. Many a mother for example has known the pang of terror that comes when she hears a scream from children at play because it's usually my Bobbi who gets hurt." Recently the hospitals of Ottawa took a look at the childhood accident problem on a mass scale. Of a thousand home-accident cases treated in six months two hundred were fatalities and sixty were disabilities or worse — including one dumbbell who had survived an attempt at two major injuries and assorted lesser hurts. Each set up in his short perilous lifetime

The number of accident prone children is difficult to guess. There are of course many accidents in which accident is plus little to no part — a child injured while riding in a car involved in an accident for example. In the Ottawa survey twenty five of the thousand injuries could be attributed to such physical defects as paralysis poor eyesight or deafness but Dr. F. H. Leeming and Dr. Ruth B. Gorrie of the Department of National Health and Welfare who analyzed the accidents decided three out of four were "preventable." In a U. S. study of fifty thousand cases physical defects accounted for three percent of injuries mental inferiority nine percent and eight percent of the injured were hurt while trying to do something beyond their ability. Dr. Flanders Dunbar of Columbia University who coined the term "accidentitis" and is one of the world's leading authorities on psychosomatic medicine found accident proneness in as many as eight percent of fracture patients she examined especially in the younger age groups.

Whatever the prevalence of accident proneness among children it is part of the greatest hazard to young people in existence today. Parents who fear they may have reason to ask, "Is my child accident prone?" face these unpleasant facts.

Accidents have become by far the largest single cause of death among Canadian children who survive the hazardous first year of life. In a single generation deaths from all causes of children aged one to fifteen years have been cut by a dramatic seventy percent. Only one cause has increased— accidents. As a result the two thousand children of that age who die from injuries in a typical year are more or more than double all other diseases combined.

Indeed in one group comprising mainly small Canadians accidents and death monopolize the monthly figures. Boys between ten and fourteen are eight times more likely to die of misadventure than of the most frequently fatal illness of their age cancer.

In addition an estimated one hundred and twenty five thousand children are injured in accidents in a typical year injuries ranging in severity from hurts requiring twenty four hours in bed up to total permanent disability. In other words the figures above represent the toll that can be reduced to what extent nobody knows for sure — if the cause and cure of accident proneness can be found and applied.

In the search for cause and cure findings of late point an accusing finger at parents. Mothers and fathers already found guilty by many social scientists of their children's delinquencies and other deficiencies are now to be told that they must also be responsible for their children's accidents in many more than one.

First says Dr. Neil Duncan an Edmonton pediatrician in the earliest acts by which a grownup helps a child continued on page 51



This child is accident prone

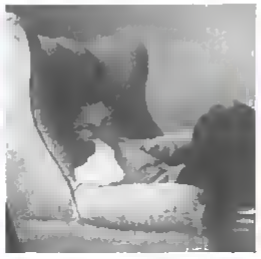
This child is not



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CROYDON



Hard to please eater shows one common symptom of accidentitis. These children are models.



Child who sulks, sometimes to point of tiredness, betrays normal of a potential accident victim.



Extroverted child wants above all else to be noticed. Perhaps disasters fill a hidden need.



Competitive child may be physically skillful but the urge is driving inside to accident prone.

Child who eats up quietly without complaint shows nature less vulnerable to physical hurt.



Sunny child is a better accident risk. Against playmate punches of course but in traffic too.

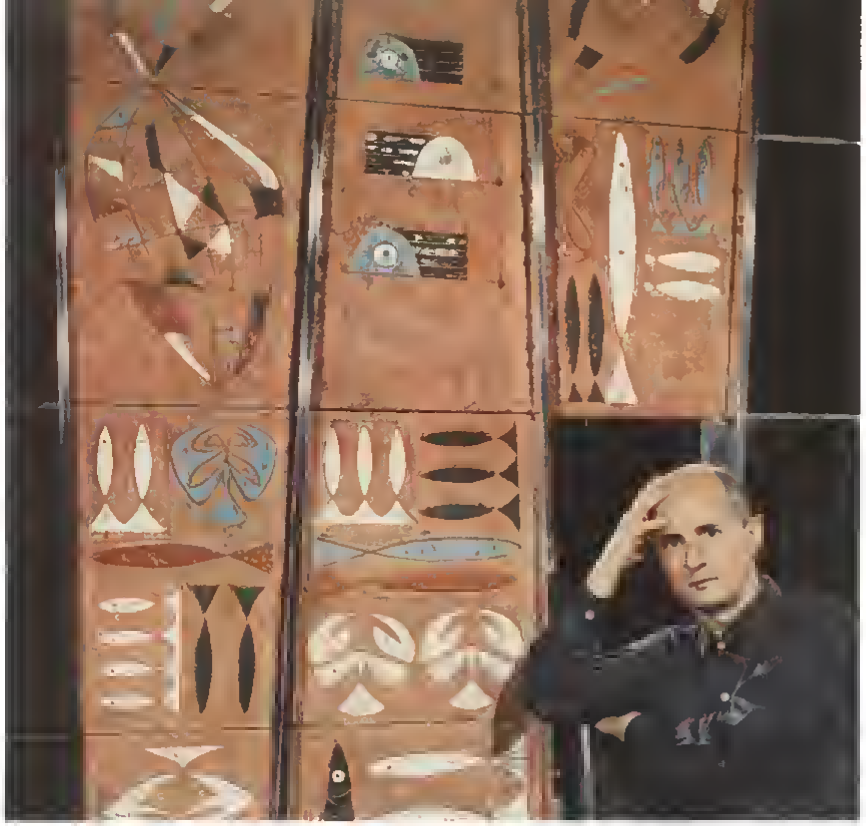


Introverted child is happy in a passive role. Attention is unimportant. Accidents are few.



Non competitive child may be awkward fragile but through some mystery nearly accident free.





Archambault depicts Canadian fisheries with a stylized line on ceramic tiles mounted on an aluminum frame.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MACLEAN'S BY KARSH

Louis Archambault's

WONDERFUL WALL

It had to be eye-catching. It had to be big. It had to be portable, and tell visitors to the 1958 Brussels World's Fair how Canadians live. Here's how this Montreal sculptor created a unique work of art

BY BILL STEPHENSON

Walls, for defense or decoration, have never been the popular institution in Canada that they once were to the Romans, the Lowland Dutch or to modern Mexican muralists. Either we were too preoccupied to erect walls against the enemy or elements when it was usually easier just to move to a sheltered site, or we preferred other surfaces on which to record our art endeavors.

This indifference to walls is likely to vanish as a consequence of a wonderful structure—not quite a wall but not exactly a fence, mural screen, barrier or guide rail either—that is currently being fashioned by a forty-two-year-old Montreal sculptor named Louis Archambault. It is an airy erection of gleaming aluminum and rough red tiles on whose broad surfaces are carved, scratched and painted with masterful simplicity some of the most beautiful representations of life as it abounds in Canada today.

This structure will be seen first at the entrance to the modest million dollar Canadian Pavilion at the 1958 Brussels World's Fair. Here it is confidently hoped, the wall will offset in eye-catching splendor the sheer bulk of the thirty-five million dollar Russian exhibit next door.

After the fair closes in September, the structure will be dismantled and returned to Canada where its beauty will be on permanent display as a glassed-in section of the side of the new National Gallery on Elgin Street in Ottawa.

The expeditions and plans for a work that is not yet finished illustrate some of the excitement in Canadian art circles over what has come to be known simply as "The Wall." Its scope and size (a hundred and twenty-five feet long by ten feet high) make it certainly the largest work of its kind ever produced in Canada or anywhere else for that matter. Its ingenious matching of terra cotta (literally "baked earth") to anodized aluminum, representing the ideal marriage of art and engineering, seems peculiarly apt for a New World exhibit in this Old World capital.

The fact that it is the first mobile mural of this sort ever to be tackled either by Canada or sculptor Archambault is offset by another equally startling statistic. The Wall will be seen and judged by a goodly portion of the fair's expected thirty million visitors, probably the largest audience ever to view any Canadian art work other than the beauteous Barbara Ann Scott.

The Wall was not Archambault's idea. It originated one day in 1955 in the mind of Charles Greenberg, an Ottawa architect. He had been engaged by the Exhibition Branch of the Department of Trade and Commerce in Ottawa, which handles Canada's exhibitions, to consult with officials abroad to design the Canadian pavilion at Brussels and, though he had roughed out the general shape of the building itself, he felt there was still something lacking.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

1 Resembling a rocket poised for flight in an oil derrick surrounds a wall of this tapering solemn of live tiles

2 Picture-windowed bungalows fit jigsaw-like into a brilliant pattern depicting Canada's mushrooming housing developments

3 Wheat sheaves form an integral part of the wall design devoted to the prairies. For Archambault this section was the most difficult to deal with in a fresh way since the theme has been dealt with so often in the past.

4 Fruit trees, like hat racks with polka-dot swords, represent Canada's abundant orchards. Ceramic tiles that were light and strong, enough, Archambault had to devise his own formula.

5 In a textile arrangement the sculptor tells the story of hydro-electric power with a wheel. Tall turbine, arrows — suggesting electricity and cable towers



contin—

What was needed was something to attract and direct the steam of guests to the wonders of the building's dominant exhibits. Something glamorous like a Mummie yet bigger, more impressive from a distance even to color blind people, perfect if possible and—ah yes—it must speak all languages. The paragon of all the graces must fulfil yet another function: discourage visitors from blundering into the administration offices under the corner of the pavilion.

The qualifications themselves dictated the notion of the required structure.

What we need is a wall," Greenberg told his superiors, "a big beautiful wall."

For various reasons, it was felt the wall must be designed and built in Canada and shipped overseas in sections. The theme of the art work to adorn the front of the structure, when it was finally spelled out in November 1955, was a mariner on the wall itself.

"The subject of the mural will portray the ten provinces of Canada with a special section devoted to each province," ran the specifications. "The treatment should be such as to convey to the audience, without words, some of the character of each province."

There were other limitations imposed on the wall besides those of height, length, shape, portability. The outside third was to be in bas relief and represent the people of Canada. The two thirds inside the building should be framed work, but must cover the resources of Canada.

It was Dr. Alan Jarvis, director of the National Gallery, who suggested that a closed competition be held to find the right man for the job. Closed competitions are those in which only a few artists of proven ability are invited to submit sketches and are paid a fee (five hundred dollars in this case) for their efforts. Jarvis pointed out it was vital that contestants have not only the time and working space for the mammoth job but a wide acquaintance with marble, concrete, plastics, waterproof paints and other materials likely to be needed. This narrowed the field tremendously.

Only men were invited to enter, for two reasons: the arduous physical labor certain to be involved ("I found muscles I didn't know I had when I started helping these lugs around," says Archambault), and the only two women with the rough flair and versatility considered prerequisites were sculptors in wood.

Each artist was asked to choose one or more collaborators to help him with the sketch and finished product, if necessary. Even these collaborators had to be of a competence acceptable to the judges. All the competitors would then be brought to Ottawa to study how their unborn masterpieces must fit into the pattern of the whole Canadian exhibit.

The eight found a petite, high-handed and autocratic supervisor, Donald Buchanan, ex-director of the Na- **continued on page 49**



In his Montreal studio Archambault inspects his *La Famille* broken in shipment from a Venice show. He'll pack *The Wall* himself

BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS BY STILL LIFE



Archambault's graphite sketches for *The Wall*. He received $25 for each of the sketches he submitted. Some of his



Graphite drawing is more detailed sketch Archambault made before pattern for the panels was designed

Archambault creates dynamic art in many forms



Mother and child grouping is worked out by Archambault drawing with white and black chalk on brown paper. Once satisfied, he'll use sketch as guide for carving on the terra cotta tiles



Archambault's iron bird was a hit in London. He was the only Canadian sculptor to be invited to submit work for the 1951 Festival of Britain.



The stowaway

He had outwitted police and army Intelligence.

He knew secrets that might win a war.

This man was too dangerous to live

BY JOHN NORMAN HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY DOS ANDERSON

When I wondered at intervals for many years what the Major and his world be doing I hoped he was one of those simple Wilkie Willis off the rails who dress up as admirals just to feel big somebody. But if that were the case I would sometimes ask myself when I was living in get to sleep why did the police and MI 5 get so all bred stemmed up about him? And why all of a sudden did they lose all interest after keeping Peter Lowndes and me locked up all one precious night?

Right after that night in jug I went out to Egypt and I kept meaning to write to Peter and find out if he had ever discovered anything, but then I met a fellow whom we had both known at Manning Pool and he told me Peter had been killed in there the thing rested just a nagging little enigma that bothered me just once in a while — until

The break in the case came when I met a corpse on King Street—Peter Lowndes him

self looking exceptionally hale and hearty a man who had been dead a dozen years.

Peter Lowndes! I cried. "Have you got a hint right hand pass from heaven?"

Hunk—not all people. Where did you turn up from? he said

I work in here. I told him. But where did you turn up from—that's a much bigger question.

Oh, you're talking about the report of my death he said after looking puzzled for a moment. Well it was—okay. I went quite Mark Twain—it was false. Long time no see eh! Gosh Hunk you're just the person I want a beggar.

He was in town for a convention of credit men he said and he showed me a list of old comrades in arms he meant to look up because it was his first trip east since the war and naturally we arranged to meet in his suite in the Royal York that same evening. Sat through the day I kept recalling the circumstances of our last meeting—quite dramatic circumstances which coincided in the light of how known I'm going to

IT WAS blackout and it was freezing and it was Max and Peter and I had gone out to meet at the Park Lane bar. Two other chaps were to meet us but fellows we had been at Manning Pool with in Toronto when we were all eager to be Spit pilots and shoot down 109s. Name of all got me in a Spit at all turned out and dark Brian Hignell got me a pilot Peter and I were navigators and Hap Robitaille after being wished out as pilot and gunner and WOP A G passed and we straight air school and got to man Bruce's rear turret.

So the meeting at the Park Lane was to have been a reunion but Hap and Brian couldn't make it. There were lots of some reunion combined in camp and Peter and I had to go it alone which we did without too much melancholy.

Outside the sleet-sick was thumping and search lights criss-crossed the sky and now and then you could hear the distant crump of a bomb and

[illegible] with the [illegible] spring [illegible] I'll make the first martini!

So the nice English major [illegible] and let him join the party without a murmur. All kinds of things happened in the London blackout. It knitted a chance acquaintance with a maid and the whole bright out of the war. This bloke was about thirty with one of those silky brown moustaches and an accent that fascinated me—sort of Ivor Novello had at the same time an acting. A real guy the Max jaw with in MC and a couple of other ribbons we didn't know the meaning of.

He was just back from the desert he said from Crete and Greece and he had been through Wavell's campaign and the Greek chow and Crete and we felt privileged to listen to such a warrior so that before we knew it it was closing time and we were broke.

Oh came along chaps we can't break it up now you know the Major said. What do you say we pop along to the Imperial Grill or the Chicken Club?

continued on page 32



The Major waved me back. "You will proceed to Hullbrid" he shouted neatly blackjacking the engineer as he passed. He brandished a gun — I didn't forget





THE PM'S TOWN Prince Albert, on the bank of the North Saskatchewan River is bisected by Central Avenue (centre), its main street. A lone bridge links it to the north. Diefenbaker's practiced law there for 25 years.



THE PM'S CRONIES Diefenbaker picks up the latest gossip from old friends and townsmen while he gets a trim at a Central Avenue barbershop. As a boy he and brother Elmer hauled grain and took plowing contracts.

The prime minister's home town

As a northern capital Prince Albert, Sask., failed its prophets. But as a springboard for prime ministers it's sent Laurier, King and now Diefenbaker to Ottawa. Here the PM's just plain John

By Marjorie Wilkins Campbell

It was a great occasion for the twenty thousand citizens of Prince Albert when John Diefenbaker flew home the evening of June 10 1957 the greatest in the town's history.

The long summer day was not quite over when the first cars arrived at the airport. Before the swift dark descended and the airway suddenly crisp landing lights and car lights had transformed the lonely little airstrip beside the North Saskatchewan River. In the crescendo of excitement as the plane touched down no one noticed how shabby and in need of paint the control tower and the waiting room were. North of the town North Saskatchewan city which town are and fact that commit rather than what can have—and P.A. was boasting not only Canada's new prime minister but the homesteader's son from near by Wakaw who had lived in the town for thirty-five years and whose wife had attended local schools until the war. Fourteen.

They'd commandeered a new convertible for the celebrated couple. Then somehow they all never imbibed themselves into a great cavalcade of cars—the number is estimated at anything between six hundred and a thousand—and set out on the triumphant drive to town over the winding graveled trail through the jackpine and the poplars pungent in their first fresh green.

Prince Albert, near the geographical centre of Saskatchewan, is known as the town which south meets north. Only one bridge links the little community to the south of the river with the wilderness that stretches north to the land of little trees and the Arctic.

Slowly the cars crossed the bridge over the wide swift stream and turned east along River Street where an line days Indians still run themselves on the bank across from the small Hudson's Bay Company fur depot. Already those citizens who had gone to bed were roused by the cacophony of car horns. Lights flashed on. People thrust heads out of windows or joined the crowds along the sidewalks. So great was the cavalcade when it turned into Central Avenue that the lights stretched in a bobbing, pencil-beamed chain back across the bridge and all the way to the airport. Headed by the convertible it turned up Central Avenue past the two-story Toronto-Dominion Bank building with the sign Diefenbaker Chesterton and Hall Law Offices on the upper windows to stop at the little old Lincoln Hotel near the railway tracks. There owner Ralph Nitsh a long time admirer of Diefenbaker had turned over his basement as committee rooms.

The milling laughing jubilant crowd tried to listen while Diefenbaker made a brief speech then surged up the stairs to listen again as he addressed those who hadn't been able to crowd inside.

Neither of the Diefenbakers thought of sleep that night. Down in Ottawa comes early at the town that is nearly as far north as Moscow and there were lights in the homes of many of their friends. They dropped in here and there for coffee and more talk and for breakfast. Later on July 15 after Diefenbaker had assumed office at Ottawa they returned to town for a civic reception at the arena. Those running the reception lost track of numbers after they had served coffee and doughnuts and ice cream to three thousand.

"But" scoffed Bert Wells of the Central Fruit and Candy Kitchen. "John was attending Central Avenue never morning or at nothing special had happened. He'd've dropped in for his soda or two."

Dining Central Avenue is a popular local pastime. Central starts up the south at the courthouse on the hill and sweeps down to the red brick fire hall that looks on the river obstructing what might have been one of the town's further views. From the courthouse steps you can see practically all of P.A. including residential West Hill where the prime minister's modest house is partly eclipsed by the new ranch bungalow belonging to Minister Dan Shumiatcher.

Some miles north on the river there's the junior federal penitentiary. Between the pen and the cluster of business blocks the Roman Catholic Cathedral rises above struggling rows of small houses that a casual observer might take for more slums but which here stand for the first step in privately owned urban dwellings for a thousand or so metis many of them French speaking descendants of early fur traders. To the east along the flats spreads some of the older type homes and the half dozen new ranch bungalows in the forty thousand dollar bracket. To all south of the river except the Sask and the mills and Indian community known as Moccasin Flats where a few of the older log structures would delight the painter of primitive living.

Before he became prime minister John Diefenbaker could take longer than anyone to do Central Avenue. A retired schoolteacher Miss Myrtle Strangways commented as she drove me about town one day during the summer.

Though he hasn't as much time now Diefenbaker's interest is as warm as ever. It hasn't lagged since the days when he paused to chat with his chum Grey Owl about the beaver Rainbow and Jellyroll—immortalized by the author-conservationist in his books — about Grey Owl's presentation in London to George V one or another of his wives (locally the number is said to be three or four) or about his daughter Shirley Dawn.

Today the prime minister may pause for a word with Chief John Dreaver of the Muskeg Reserve nearby who represented Saskatchewan Indians at Ottawa during the Queen's recent visit or Ukrainian grandmother or a farmer from Wakaw where he practiced law as a young graduate in the early Twenties. Like everyone else he drops into the Arms or one of the other cafés for coffee straddling a stool beside one of the many tourists on their way to cottages or fishing at Prince Albert National Park or a bevy of teen-age Indian girls from one of the reserves locally referred to as "the bare blonde." Maybe he will lunch at the Avenue Hotel where European trained chef Walter Becker is building up a gourmet clientele and lamenting Saskatchewan's unwillingness on serving wine in public dining rooms a situation which doesn't trouble the new prime minister at all. Since Diefen- **continued on page 36**



THE PM'S HOME With his second wife Olive Diefenbaker poses outside his home on 19th Street.

THE PM'S OFFICE He's still senior member of a law firm. Partner John Chesterton is an ex-mayor.





The star who can't stop acting

Versatile, fluid and indefatigable, Barry Morse won stage stardom at 22, has played 2,000 roles, haunts the CBC so much he's called the "test pattern." He admits he's good

BY BARBARA MOON

THE PICTURES BY HORST EHRICH

Barry Herbert Morse is a slight elegant man with diffuse theatrical gifts and a faint luminous air of exhaustion. In 1951 he came to Canada from Hampden's West End and sometimes working as much as twenty hours a day made himself into one of the country's busiest and most successful actors. He has, at thirty-eight, already undertaken more than two thousand roles in England, Canada and the U.S.—or three times as many as the late Sir Henry Irving managed in a lifetime.

In the West End he played leads for ten years and on at least one opening night got a standing ovation for his performance from the after-theatre supper crowd in the Savoy Grill. In the U.S. last year he starred on Broadway in a flop and at Boston, Mass. in two triumphs. In fact one Boston critic reviewing Morse's contribution to Shaw's Man and Superman said "If this sounds like a rave it is." In Toronto—Morse's headquarters—he has appeared on TV so often one columnist nicknamed him "the test pattern." He also does radio and films, has experimented in stage and TV direction and is now struggling on the role of impresario together with Toronto business man Bill Freedman he has acquired several theatrical properties and hopes one day soon to have his own showcase for them.

But the first time this one man cultural mission to the colonies ever stepped on stage Dame Sybil Thorndike who was in the audience, thought him excruciatingly funny."

Morse was not trying to be funny. He was trying to be Algernon Moncrieff a languid overbred young buck who is a principal in Oscar Wilde's mannered comedy The Importance of Being Earnest. Morse was inhibited in this undertaking by his age fifteen by his garb a stiff navy serge bought off the peg for 37/6 by his appearance that of a sharp-eyed sprattling with a head too big for his body and most of all by an accent that in spite of agonized aspirations remained stubbornly Cockney. The speeches in a lofty drawl came out somewhat like this.

"To begin with I died there on Monday night and once a week is quite enough to die with one's known relations" and "Really if one's own flesh and blood cannot set us a good example what on earth is the use of 'em?"

His handicap in short was the handicap of Eliza Doolittle at the start of My Fair Lady.

Morse like Eliza was a truant from the London slums. out **continued on page 40**



ALWAYS ON STAGE—[illegible] at lunch in Toronto's Little [illegible]—Barry Morse flamboyant [illegible] He says the only thing for [illegible] is doing acting. He denies that the CBC's publicist [illegible] as the "test

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET **SAYONARA**. Many of the glories and a few of the letdowns of life in Nippon are strikingly disclosed in the long but compelling drama based on the James A. Michener novel. An American ace (Marlon Brando) and a chanteuse Japanese actress dancer (Miyoshi Umeki) fall in love and learn that race prejudice is a two-edged sword. The efficient cast also includes Red Buttons, Ricardo Montalban, Patricia Owens, Kent Smith.

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER. An earnest, rather humbling French language production—with English subtitles—of the D. H. Lawrence novel which caused such a tempest in the 1920s. It's about a crippled impotent aristocrat (Leo Genn) who begs his faithful wife (Danielle Darrieux) to have a child by another man.

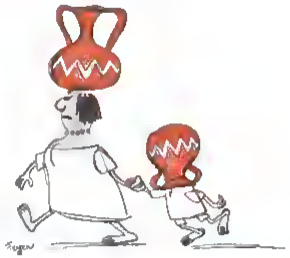
THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY. Originally published in Maclean's, this is the true story of the captured German airman (Strength) played by Hardy Kruger) who escaped from a prisoner of war camp in Ontario and succeeded in rejoining Hitler. It's an interesting yarn although the tension slackens rather than tightens toward the finish.

THE TIN STAR. A middle-aged ex-sheriff (Henry Fonda) grudgingly teaches some of the tricks of the trade to a worried youngster (Anthony Perkins) in a frontier town simmering with hostility. Fonda's acute performance makes this "adult western" worth seeing.

WOMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN. The screen's ultimate housekeeper (Yvonne Mitchell) is the central character in a British domestic drama about a collapsing marriage. Anthony Quayle is the husband, and Sylvia Sims is the Other Woman. Rating: fair.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Across the Bridge: Drama. Good.
Baby Face Nelson: Crime. Poor.
Bolshoi Ballet: Russian dancers in Canada. Excellent.
Campbell's Kingdom: Adventure. Good.
The Careless Years: Drama. Fair.
Decision Against Time: Drama. Good.
The Devil's Hairpin: Race drama. Fair.
Don't Go Near the Water: Navy base comedy. Good.
Funny Face: Musical. Excellent.
A Hatful of Rain: Drama. Good.
Hell Drivers: Action drama. Fair.
A Hill in Korea: War. Good.
How to Murder a Rich Uncle: British comedy. Fair.
Hunchback of Notre Dame: Drama. Fair.
The Invisible Boy: Science-fiction. Fair. For children; poor for adults.
Jet Over the Atlantic: Air romance. Poor.
Kiss Them for Me: Comedy. Good.
Les Girls: Musical. Excellent.
The Long Hot Summer: Drama. Poor.
Love in the Afternoon: Comedy. Good.
Lucky Jim: Comedy. Fair.
Man of a Thousand Faces: Lon Chaney biographical drama. Good.
Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair.
My Man Godfrey: Comedy. Fair.
No Down Payment: Drama. Fair.
Old Yeller: Boy-and-dog story. Good for youngsters.
Operation Mad Ball: Comedy. Good.
The Pajama Game: Musical. Excellent.
Pal Joey: Musical comedy-drama. Good in spots, but dull.
The Rising of the Moon: Group of three Irish stories. Fair.
Saikchow the Cruel: Globe-trotting international drama. Good.
Sea Wife: Drama. Fair.
The Silencer: Adventure and detection in Australia. Excellent.
Slaughter on Tenth Avenue: Crime drama. Crap.
Slim Carter: Comedy. Fair.
The Smallest Show on Earth: British comedy. Good.
Stopover Tokyo: Spy drama. Poor.
Story of Esther Costello (formerly The Heiress Vanishes): Drama. Fair.
The Story of Mankind: Historical allegory. Poor.
The Stranger Wore a Gun: Drama. Good.
Summer Love: Teen-age drama. Fair.
Sweet Smell of Success: Drama. Good.
3 Faces of Eve: Drama. Fair.
Time Limit: Drama. Excellent.
Tip Top Lucky: Suspense drama. Good.
Tip on a Dead Jockey: Drama. Fair.
3:10 to Yuma: Western. Good.
Until They Sail: Drama. Good.
Zero Hour: Suspense. Good.



Sweet & sour



"That was Holiday For Strings . . ."

CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED

By Peter Whalley



MADEI EINE DE VERCHÈRES DEFENDS HER FATHER'S FORT

How to break out of an imminent engagement

BY HERALD FROY



The Doleful

"Please—not another word Cynthia Don't make it more difficult for both of us I'm just as heartbroken as you are but I know it's better for you No—please, no tears, no kisses no good bye"



The Forceful

My mind is irrevocably made up It's no good discussing it or having a scene We have outlived each other's love interest and useful ness I'm a plain man and a reasonably honest one I couldn't go on living a life of pretense with you That is all Good-by"



The Tearful

"No no, Cynthia for goodness sake I can't take it I must yes I must go—now—right away You close your eyes and I'll close mine Why should this happen to me Good sh bye!"



The Thoughtful

But this my dear is the way of the world We meet like comets and part like planets Cosmically speaking we move in different spheres The Law of the Universe the very Life Force dictates our parting Who are we we little specks of dust to rebel against what has been so ordained By now"

("Or the other way around.)



The Bullful

"These are the best years of your life my girl, and I'm not going to let you waste them on me."



The Colorful

"Our life together was like a sumptuous pageant—all outward gloss and no deep content A mere procession of days, each dressed up to look like Sunday But you see, we don't laugh at the same jokes we don't even laugh at the same people There is nothing left to hold us together, except the abyss that separates us"



The Infallible

All those are fairly safe lines but of course I can't guarantee that they are absolutely fool proof There is only one getting rid line that is infallible

Very well Cynthia you force me to speak plainly We're through do you understand me? Through THROUGH is that clear? We're all washed up, you and me."



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BURROUGHS—TM

We were hetter than an oil bomb. The Major had skipped mysteriously and MI-5 wanted to know why

We explained to him that we were broke and couldn't continue to drink but the Mayjaw had an answer to that.

"I say chaps," he said. "I'm sure we'll be delighted down with all three. We're having a little poker school. I got into a bit with Sir Charles to the tune of 1[illegible] pounds. What I'm trying to say is that I'll tell you what. I'll cash a PID cheque for each of you at a third and then we can keep going all night."

That sounded like a good deal and we dragged out our chequebooks and, leaning against the bar inside, filled two postdated cheques.

Mike then got off to Self and Sundries about the Major suggested, and Percy and I went with the happy ratcliffe to Bunker Hill, which crosses over where Sweden's Bonds blurred and rusting people stopped frantically for an evening's [illegible] many with AFS, WAAFs in later merchant marine. I and Bunker Hill and the civil popular.

I was staying with cousins down in Guildford SE so I left them about nine and Percy and the Major looked at that time like going on all night.

Next day by arrangement I turned up at the Park Lane but it was to meet Percy who was staying in the hotel. I waited a few minutes and drifted off into a pleasant study from which I was abruptly awakened by the appearance of Percy.

He was perfectly fit and well and carried himself like a regular soldier. But that wasn't all. He was *dressed* like a soldier—in the uniform of a major in the MC and a couple of other ribbons on the left breast of the jacket. His face was stern and troubled.

"Percy you bloody fool!" I said.

That's the nearest to something I'll ever get to a compliment. He didn't even bring you for it. Wrong service, wrong rank and goings you don't mean.

"Shut up you fool," he said. "I'm in a mess."

"You look it." I told him. "What have you been up to with old Major?"

"You mean, What have I been doing with me? Hank I woke up about an hour and a half ago—I had to find the time by phoning the desk. My head is split right down the centre, and my eyeballs are irritating me. The last thing I remember was the Mayjaw telling me to help me up to my room, and then telling to point me. I nightcap. Golly! When I woke up the Mayjaw was gone, and so was my uniform and everything, else but he'd hung the Do Not Disturb sign outside my door. Where do I go from here? I can't go on wearing this thing!"

Hardly." I said. Percy old boy, I have an idea that at this point we pay a visit to the police.

THE sergeant on duty was most friendly and highly amused and he called another policeman in to hear the story of the Major swapping uniforms. Then they told Percy he could leave the thing form there and they would lend him some slacks and a jacket. Items they kept on hand evidently for various contingencies.

But just then another policeman who was reading something exclaimed, "Oy! 'Ere's one—shady the Buffs. Lost all right when you arrive. There's a circular on this. We've got to call the Yard.

Percy and I exchanged a furtive guilty glance and waited but perhaps twenty minutes when about five or six people burst in some in navy uniform some in mufti. We gathered that the uniformed officers were MI-5 and the civilians were CID men or Special Branch. We were not sure what the difference was.

But we did know that we were better than an oil bomb. We were grilled for hours after hours. We were taken from the police station in somewhere down in Whitehall and questioned some more. Every paper, coin and trinket in our pockets was examined and we had to relate every incident that had taken place from the time we met the Major.

While we were thus engaged some more men arrived carrying the few things that had been left in Percy's room including a bottle and some mail. From a remark they made, we learned that other men had gone off to the night spots we had visited with the Major.

And for the tenth time in MI-5 office I found myself asked Percy.

"Now then old chap let's check with the list again. You're quite sure this is everything you had in the pockets of the uniform that was stolen? Comb, handkerchief, [illegible] that was the identity card we had in carry at all times? Cigarettes—ah—sundry useful articles. Any others, old boy? Correspondence, I mean?

Yeah now I come to think of it there was one sir." Percy said. A letter from Flying Officer E. V. Hignell in Royal Air Force Station, Biddleigh, Devon.

The MI-5 man's face lighted up at that and he excitedly ripped down all that Percy could remember of Brian Hignell's letter.

Then he left us.

A little later we were given some food and lineup and a corporal showed us to a couple of bedrooms where we were invited to spend the night. After an hour or so I poked my head out of the room and found there was a man stationed in the corridor so I went back to sleep.

In the morning, after a beautiful breakfast with two eggs and bacon and tea, we were marshalled—they let us go—just like that.

A captain spoke to us. He said it was quite all right. Percy could borrow some things and pop up to his tailor. What about the Major? Oh that fellow—nothing to it.

"Just a couple of them pesky chaps, I'm afraid," he said. "Percy old boy, I could possibly call you sir, you know, or possibly Lieutenant, so they dress themselves up as admirals and air marshals and etcetera, horrible captains. We caught your pinnace—quite harmless you know. We'll charge him in due course."

"What how about my uniform?" Percy asked. "Can I get it back?"

"Fraid not old boy," the captain said. "He got the wind up and nicked it in the after. We caught him at mufti."

So that was that. Very shortly I was on my way to Egypt and not long after I got there I heard the news of Percy's death. Later still I heard that Brian and Happy had been shot down, but had baled out and were prisoners. So that was the end of it.

But I always wondered a little every now and then—what all the fuss and the [illegible] climax?

Some dozen odd years later we had the occasion that we had meant to at the Park Lane. Percy had dug up Brian Hignell, a grey haired QC who was in town and registered at the same hotel and he had also found Happy who was living right in town [illegible] Happy looked much the same, a bit ranting, but I had met at Manning Pool.

It was a thirsty wishing me out with Happy was raving, as I entered Percy's manner suit. They said I couldn't tell a plane. Why but when I landed in they didn't land. I'll bet he'd still get on up in the Hawk in old horse [illegible] put on three hundred pounds. Say boy, Percy's been telling us about the party we missed in London that time—in 42 wasn't it? The time van and him got hooked up with the phoney Major. Of all the cheeseheads I ever heard tell of! And two girls! He about the dopiest. They thought of his jokes like you know, in a class like London not in the blackout anyway."

All right Happy you can be quiet back now that his Majesty is morning." I said. I know you'd better be a lot smarter but it so happens you didn't meet that phoney Major at

"Not much we didn't." Happy said. Where do you think he went when he left you? Why his name straight up to me and Hallelujah! Boy did we have a time!"

"No kidding," I said. "Was that where they caught him—all your chasing?"

"Nope nobody never caught him." Happy said. "Not that boy. We knew you guys were mixed up in this thing, but [illegible] left us to shut up and right after that we were shot down and never got a chance to see you. But Brian, he's the guy who can tell you. He went all over England after the war to track the story down.

Well shut up then," Percy said and let the guy tell it."

"Your Major" Brian said looking important evidently he'd handed wrong way [illegible] and running your dog, [illegible] and twelve bits. He also had the bit he'd written to me—that's how he knew enough to come to Hallelujah. You can't argue him at all such as. We were rushed to complain a good session. Both were planning to put one thousand bombers in the air after Cologne—the first thousand bomber trial it took us but—and we were all tired up last."

The last I knew of the institution was when somebody rolled down in the night and said that there was an old friend of mine waiting to see me up at the mess. Somebody called Llewellyn or something. It seems that chap had walked out of the guard room flashing some twelve fifty currency, a pretty big, with some pretty and things in it and shouting, but been pushed in Hallelujah.

Well they called the orderly room and they had my word about it passing, and they asked him if he had a copy of the signal posting him and he said he had. He was a cool customer. They took him to the Arp who was very busy and said he'd get signal off to Dallington to check up on the thing, and while he could back in the mess. Did he know about it Hallelujah? Why sure, he knew Brian Hignell—just like that.

He was taking a fantastic risk—I might have been right in the next room. But I was at the flight so they sent him over to the mess with a runner and

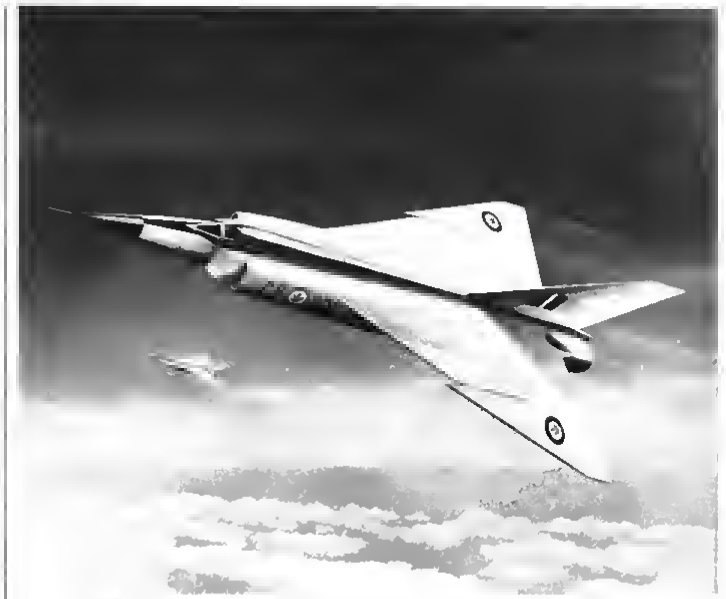
THERE'S ONE FOR YOU







BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINES



Artist's drawing of the new supersonic Avro Arrow—another Canadian achievement by the manufacturers of the CF-100. The Arrow is now undergoing its extensive test program at Avro Aircraft's Malton, Ontario plant. Honeywell helped design and engineer special advanced control systems that will make the Arrow one of Canada's most formidable air defence weapons.

Honeywell is helping to make the Avro Arrow Canada's most formidable air defence weapon

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Grant's

SCOTCH WHISKY



Nice save

when they got there he dismissed the runner nastily and huffed in. That was the last anybody saw of him—except for one little incident later in the evening. He just plain vanished from the mess which was a very easy thing for an officer in uniform to do and everybody was too busy at the time to worry about him."

My gosh what a story. Percy said. I get it now. That's how come I was killed—he had my dog tags. Everybody kept telling me I'd been killed — they buried it in Canada and the Red Cross reported it to London. He—

Percy's eyes were glowing with emotion.

He what Brian asked coldly.

Why until the poor devil couldn't get into the service so he stole a uniform and got into action—stowed away in a plane and got killed. Probably the end he wanted. I never thought of that before. By golly.

Well don't think of it now. Brian said. Out of all that miserable nonsense there is one current consideration. But first a start for your information your Major was not a deranged S.P. with a death wish. He was a real honest-to-goodness major—only not English. I tracked the whole thing down after the war and let me tell you it was an honey of a search.

Your Major was in fact Herr Major Gerhard Dirk von Kalbfuss—Jagersdorf in real major on Rommel's staff and a agent of the Holy Roman Empire, or something. And he was playing for keeps Percy you're lucky he didn't stiffen you not once and for all—though I don't think he'd do that unnecessarily. The Herr Major was a gentleman and a Junker among other things and you have to admit there was nothing wrong with his nerve."

Well what was he doing in the Pink Lark," Percy demanded.

Ah" Brian said That is the story.

It seems that about that time the funny wallahs rolled a special tech mil reinforcement on desert equipment to take place somewhere on Salisbury Plain. They were going to demonstrate new tank ventilation systems new gun sights, all kinds of new gadgets. They brought quite a few blokes up from the Eighth Army to have a look-see. Among those invited was a chap—the kind of character that won't blow his own nose. He made a copy of the signal and wrote down a lot of noise about the conference and then walked into the enemy lines with all the stuff on him. When they caught him he was trying to get the signal. But they took it away from him and rushed it to Rommel himself (this is very hush hush).

Naturally Rommel expressed a wish to know what was going to go on at the conference and that was where Major *Graf* Kalbfuss—Ingersdorf came into the picture. He was an intelligence bloke. He had attended Cambridge and spoke better than perfect English. He knew the details of every captured British tank, gun, aircraft uniform, parachute and respirator and he had kept abreast of the current slang and jargon by chatting with prisoners. So up springs K.J. and offers to go to England and attend the new gadgets taking copious notes.

"It turned out to be a lot rougher than they expected. They found a name rank and regiment for him faxed him up with papers, signals and letters from generals and flew him to Holland.

From there he was taken by U boat to the Norfolk coast and he paddled ashore in a captured Spitfire pilot's dinghy. He had lots of money and lots of nerve and he bluffed his way clean into the meeting, where he minds some of the most intelligent communists heard.

He played a bold game right through they tell me. Also it the last day of the thing somebody followed through the Tannoy system that General Packard wanted to see Major Armstrong—that was his *nom de guerre*—and that was the last they saw of Armstrong. General Packard was not of the senior men he had planned to know but he was supposed to be in Scandinavia or something, and he had turned up inopportunely. So Armstrong Kalbfuss cleverly vanished and then there was a real panic.

"Signals all over the country—police, RAF's, land army, Salvation Army and the Boy Scouts were alerted—about the time you guys were having your tea, and drunk with the city. He knew he had to move fast and you've got to admit he didn't really look stunned. By the way a fingerprint taken from a tumbler in your room, which matched one from Armstrong's room in the confirmed proved that he was your guy."

"But the mustache" Percy said. "Surely could grow one like that."

"All make up. Percy boy and the eyebrows too. Brian said. Anyway his disappearance from London and then his disappearance from our mess at Tern Lane. And what he did after that we can guess. When we were getting dressed for the trip some wireless op was moaning that somebody had punched his boots his Irvin jacket his harness and his parachute and I shed thought he was getting an amongst a pack of thieves he would have to need the navy rotund. Well naturally nobody had much time to help Lou and I didn't give it a thought until the next day.

Anyway we got airborne and crew the English coast and get out over that dark water—you know the quiet bit—when the engineer says to me over the intercom — speaking very calmly and quietly — Skipper his says there's a queer bloke sitting down by the flare then I [illegible] "So he [illegible] said.

"Ah I'm not [illegible] Let me tell you!

WELL so help me, the hair went straight up on the back of my neck. I was all keyed up for fink and night fighters but I tell brown men by the flare, chute was too much. When I recovered the power of speech I told the engineer to sit right handed over to the second dickey and went back to have a look. And that was when I met the Major Graf Kalbfuss.

He paused for effect probably and duly slit the lead foil around the neck of another of Percy's bottles.

Help yourselves chaps he said.

Well I looked at this guy and he stood up and covered me with an automatic—not like that Right away I could see he knew how to handle a gun so I didn't argue. I dropped my flashlight but he fished one of his own on me right away and pointed to me. I lifted my eyebrows and he pointed again. You will proceed to Hull and land at Schiphol. Then he waved me back to the cockpit and followed me up quietly but cracking the engineer on the [illegible]. The wireless op and navigator were of course too busy to know what was happening.

Well he got the second dickey out of the dinghy and sent it first I did and then he made him lie on the floor. I climbed in and plunged in my instrument quickly while the stowaway was still thirsty and I got my like in first I told the navy that we had a spy on board that he had me covered I said to shoot him or get him out some way but that nobody had a gun except the inventor of the patch. The navigator moved up. The flow very pale but brave through the cheek of his train pilot. We were stumped. But all of a sudden I had an idea.

And a wonderful one too" Happy said shrilly.

Thank you Hap Well I said to the crew I'm going to say we're attacked and fake we're hit and going down then I'll give the order to jump. We're over the coast now I told Hap to report a fights and fire some rounds—come it up good. After this enemy character jumps we'll be okay.

"Just then the wicked count saw I was talking and yanked my pin, out. Then he plugged himself into the second dinghy outlet before he could stop me again.

Don't do any more talking until boy he said Start losing height at once.

So I started losing height and I was mad and waited for Hap to get moaning. Finally he started to scream (which wasn't like Happy) that we were being attacked — JU88's on the starboard quarter. I swung hard round right and Hap and the navigator started firing. Then the engineer [illegible] and quickly regained consciousness but a longmon with the rest and I shouted that we were hit I had pulled the nose way up and right then I pushed the stick forward hard throwing the gunnery from the instructors so all four engines cut at once. A fire shall burst nearby I screamed that the controls were shot. The engines came on again with a terrible whine because they'd gone into fifty foot pitch and when I said Jump the stowaway was ready.

I'll bet he ran like a scalded cat" Percy said.

Oh we don't wrong the man Brian told him. "The Herr Major *Graf* was a Prussian officer. He moved quickly and without panic all very soldierly keeping me covered till he was out of sight. I kept checking the aircraft about to make it seem real. Half a minute later the navigator yelled "Spys gone. Skipper. He went out through the mid-under hatch. So we went on to Cologne and [illegible] me mad and I said myself [illegible] to get rid of the guy at the [illegible] and crew and he [illegible] with his head again.

Quick thinking old boy he said. It would have been much better if some whole squadron had been lost and that Billy had got home alive. That is all I can tell [illegible] him that it would have been worth a squadron to eliminate him.

And that Brian concluded was [illegible]

Anyway [illegible] it seems the whole thing happened a hundred years ago. Here we are all back all working to meet the requirements—I can't believe there really was a war. But anyway this night I sit there through interrogation says nothing etc. I didn't want to say anything. Until this very sick about the show away so I be worth a squadron. So I taps like major on the arm and he whistles casual

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"Uh, did you [illegible] something. Saw you?" he asks. I lifted my eyebrows. So I told him I did, mainly. He didn't need to be [illegible] in our stowaway did get back to Germany alive. Oh indeed. Some [illegible] I like the way those pongos [illegible]. They make it sort of [illegible]. So I told him.

"You always know [illegible] between [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] parachute packet [illegible] back them things at [illegible]. So when I heard Brian and [illegible] talking about an [illegible] by the time [illegible] kind of idea. Brian want [illegible] into pinpoint. Well [illegible] You know [illegible] to figure which batch [illegible] dinghy drifting [illegible] had not [illegible] that guy must have [illegible] out the [illegible] right [illegible] I was [illegible] his [illegible] rather in this stowaway [illegible] the first chute. So I squeezed out [illegible] and [illegible] back [illegible] through them it was."

"What could you do with it?" Percy asked. "Cut the rigging lines or something?"

"Ha. You never did [illegible] parachute course," Happy said. "Or you'd know. Why, all I did was slip the little old [illegible] off and slip one back on again backwards. The [illegible] are supposed to whip the canvas cover open when you pull the [illegible] so the canopy can come out. But if you reverse [illegible] they hold the thing shut. Well, in all the boxing [illegible] lost a lot of height and we were [illegible] thousand feet when old Siegfried [illegible] giving him less than thirty seconds to figure out what was wrong and put it right by ripping the [illegible] off again."

"Gosh," Percy said.

"I didn't want to say anything about it," Happy explained, "because the more I thought about it the worse I felt. He may have been a very brave guy and it's a [illegible] way to kill anyone. But that didn't worry the MI-5 major. He said, 'Really, old boy, I don't mind if you feel the blighter [illegible]. I only hope you [illegible] for him.'"

"And he did," Brian said. "We felt pretty sure of it when the German radio announced Percy's death, although we couldn't be one hundred percent sure that our stowaway hadn't got down safely and used Percy's dog tags to fool us into believing he hadn't. However, after the war, one MI-5 man got the full [illegible] poor old Kalbfleisch [illegible] and was in awful [illegible]. Not a word about [illegible] equipment ever [illegible] reached Rommel [illegible] intelligence," Blake said. "I tracked him down at last after the war."

"Well, well," Percy said. "So our [illegible] really was [illegible] even if we didn't all get there. Open up another [illegible], Brian, and see if you can remember the words to Salome. Think you realize the [illegible] all this? That Major Kalb [illegible] those cheques [illegible] and I [illegible] were [illegible] by enemy funds."

Which [illegible] alive. ★

The prime minister's home town

Continued from page 28

There's nothing "typical" about Prince Albert. In politics it's gone Liberal, CCF and Tory

baker is a Mason, a Kiwanian, a member of the small white painted Baptist Church and interested in most of the town's [illegible] odd organizations there's plenty to talk about.

His plain John Diefenbaker on Kiwanis Club notices," said one member. "No degrees or titles." Actually a good half of the people you meet in P.A. refer to the prime minister as John, partly from small-town custom, partly from affection and recently perhaps from [illegible] little [illegible]. When Diefenbaker applied for a fishing license last spring the form was made out simply "To one John" with the full name filled in in brackets. He'd never accept it unless it was properly and legally made out.

There are few in P.A. who would deny the Diefenbakers their welcome, even among the Liberals who represented the constituency almost continuously from 1911 until Diefenbaker won it in 1953. In 1957 he polled more votes than his Liberal and CCF opponents combined. Though Saskatchewan has long been a CCF stronghold, the only time a federal CCF candidate won an election in P.A. was when E. J. Bowerman defeated another prime minister, Mackenzie King, in 1945. (Bowerman held the seat for only a single term.) The little city off the beaten track is accustomed to being represented at Ottawa by a prime minister; during a fifth of the time since Confederation Canada's prime minister has been elected by the people of Prince Albert.

Back in 1896, when Canadians were telling one another that it was time for a change, Laurier looked about for a safe seat in his campaign against Sir Charles Tupper. To play it doubly safe, he ran in two constituencies — in Quebec's Arthabaska and in the Territorial District of Saskatchewan at Prince Albert. He was returned in both.

Exactly thirty years later, in 1926, Mackenzie King was also looking for a safe seat following his defeat in Ontario's North York. He too chose Prince Albert, and Mr. King sat for P.A. for almost twenty years, prime minister in all but the brief Bennett regime in the early Thirties.

The 1945 defeat by CCFer Bowerman didn't mean that P.A. had suddenly become a typical Saskatchewan town. Actually it has never been a typical prairie town because of its location at the northern edge of the prairies and the southern fringe of the Canadian Shield. Nor had it gone ahead like other prairie towns. It has failed to fulfill the prophecy of its founder, the Rev. James Nisbet, who in 1866 foresaw a population of a hundred thousand. It hasn't become capital of the province as it once expected, and the nearest railway main line passes through Saskatoon a hundred miles to the south. Notwithstanding its isolation and mixed population, or perhaps because of it, it has developed a unique character.

Back when P.A. had its dreams of greatness a group of citizens founded the Prince Albert Club, a red brick structure next door to the now partly demolished Opera House, and with an underground passage linking the two so that members could get a drink between acts without going into the winter's cold, sometimes down to fifty-six degrees below zero. A few years ago the club moved to a new building. The old building is now the Public Library. Under librarian Grace Campbell it continues to play an important, though quite different role in local life.

The library, for one thing, is helping to stamp out the cultural differences that traditionally have separated Indians from white people throughout the vast P.A. hinterland. In the past many Indian children in remote areas didn't get to school at all. Even today there is a special class at the Anglican Residential School for Indians where newcomers, some as old as fifteen, receive their first lessons. Each year illiteracy decreases, however, as Indians in growing numbers attend the P.A. public and high schools. And one of the notable factors in integrating the two races is the local library and the travelling libraries under its management.

But it wasn't a mixed population or even isolation that kept P.A. back while other western towns were going ahead. The major cause probably was the crippling financial burden of La Colle Falls dam.

The dam was a fine, ambitious pre-World War I project intended to provide P.A. with hydro-electric power. Surveys of the site forty miles downstream were made and in 1912 the town assumed responsibility for about one and a half million dollars in debentures. A great camp was laid out and work on the project commenced. The first section of the 755-foot structure was well under way when an economic depression forced a halt. Floods hampered work when it was resumed. Frost cracked the unhardened concrete. Construction costs tripled. The Saskatchewan River washed out foundations, and the entire project had to be dropped, saddling the city with a debt that will not be liquidated completely until 1966, the hundredth anniversary of Prince Albert's founding. Now, though La Colle Falls is still mentioned as a potential hydro power site, P.A. gets its power from a steam plant.

For decades the city was hamstrung by debt. In 1940 it defaulted on its debt payments and from 1940 until 1946 it was operated under provincial government supervision. That year a new mayor was elected, lawyer John Cuelenaere, junior partner in the firm of which John Diefenbaker was senior. Cuelenaere held office until 1954 when he was defeated by the present chief executive, Liberal Dave Steuart.

Cuelenaere, like so many men from the west, went east to see the bondholders in an effort to get the town back on a sound financial footing. He was able to arrange a settlement whereby the city paid off half its arrears of interest, the other half being cancelled by the bondholders. The interest rate was reduced from four to three percent, and gradually P.A. has redeemed its bonds, buying them up at eighty and ninety dollars. Conditions have steadily improved. The council recently ordered a crest bearing the motto "Proud Heritage, Bold Destiny."

But P.A. was still feeling the effects of its hard times in 1953. It still depended on its two major industries, mixed farming and timber products, with a little fishing from the north and business it attracted as a distributing centre. Though northern Saskatchewan was already established as an important mining area, mining interests had bypassed the town almost entirely. Some citizens, despairing that the town would ever live up to its one-time slogan, "Hub of the Top Two Thirds," formed the Diefenbaker Club and invited John to accept nomination for parliament.

Diefenbaker was living in Prince Albert at the time but had represented the adjacent constituency of Lake Centre since 1940. In 1943 he had been chairman of the first British Commonwealth Conference attended by members of the U.S. Congress; three years later he had been a member of the Canadian delegation to the Empire Parliamentary Association meeting in Bermuda and at Washington; he had represented Canada at the 1950 meeting in Australia and in 1952 had been one of the Canadian delegation to the United Nations. But he was known much better for what he had done nearer home.

Men and women remembered that Diefenbaker with his brother Elmer had hauled grain to Saskatoon and had taken on plowing contracts before starting his legal work. Most families in the sparsely settled area could recall instances when they had profited from his legal advice directly or indirectly. He had long ago been nicknamed "counsel for the defence" because of the many cases he had won. His yarn about his own brief teaching experience is an often repeated classic recounted to every visitor.

"I was out with some older pupils," Diefenbaker is said to have told a trustees meeting. "It was a fine day, perfect for gopher shooting. But it was also the day the inspector chose to call. Since



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gopher shooting wasn't on the curriculum that year I got fired."

It all added up to the Dinfinbaker Club and the offer of the nomination. Members of the club came from all political parties. They included Ed Jackson, member in the provincial CCF organization, and Fred Hadley, a long time Liberal and local merchant who became Dinfinbaker's organizer. Dinfinbaker was soon being promoted as "The Voice of the North" and among those typical of his supporters were Billin Halstad and his wife.

Halstad kept a livery stable near Waskaw forty years ago and stabled young Diefenbaker's Indian pony. "It was a rickety rig he had," he says. Halstad's seventy-odd year-old wife recalls the initial visit of Dinfinbaker and his wife in the late summer of 1957.

Mrs. Diefenbaker — the former Olive Finemore — had dropped in with her husband as they so often do throughout the year nonetheless. She mentioned the dinner at which the mayor, the prime minister would entertain the Queen at Ottawa. Gordon Lund and Leo Rannard were going to shoot mallards for the dinner when the season opened. As it happened, Mrs. Dinfinbaker later learned that duck was being served at the state dinner at Rideau Hall arranged her menu and sent the P.A. ducks to Buckingham Palace. But this suggestion was enough for Mrs. Halstad. She went berry picking. Gotherlog a great batch of low bush cranberries, the old métis woman carefully winnowed the rich red crop and made a batch of cranberry sauce and sent it off to Ottawa.

"Sure it was for the Queen," she says. "But John helped me when I was in trouble long ago and he didn't send no bill either!"

"Vote for the big name"

There was a photograph of John and Olive Diefenbaker on the TV console at the Halstads as there was in practically every house I visited this past autumn. One woman who arrived as an immigrant from Middle Europe decades ago and who is now a well-to-do matron had several photographs, including one of herself with the Diefenbakers. It is rumored that it was she, an expert in several languages, who made it her business to see that every newly arrived citizen with a vote knew how to use it. "Vote for the big name," she advised.

Driving north toward the outskirts of the town itself, it is hard to believe that here south meets north. The pink and apple-green Flamingo Motel suggests Florida rather than a land of muskrats. But turn off Central Avenue to the studios of station CKBI any afternoon, and you'll quickly reach the second of the mainland. Station CKBI is owned by Saskatchewan boys Ed and Frank Rawlinson who will soon open their new hundred-thousand watt TV station. While this is primarily designed to serve the community it will also ensure that next time a prime minister wishes to appeal before the country from P.A. he won't have to fly to Regina or Diefenbaker did on the evening of June 10.

But already CKBI is providing a service to program-rifled Muldoon, that's famous throughout the north. Muldoon was started several years ago when the two hospitals and the sanatorium were having trouble getting in touch with relatives of patients. Now any afternoon anyone with a message for anyone in the vast hinterland may drop in at the studio knowing that friends and relatives throughout the north will be listening in. It may be a poignant message. "Dad desperately ill come at once" or the joyful news, "It's an eight pound boy mother and baby doing fine." When sudden snow storms block winter roads, parents naught to town can get word to neighbors who will feed and water their stock. Students, coming home can arrange to be met whenever transportation is available. Most of all, perhaps, Muldoon has conquered isolation in this area where Point Pond to 1778-built has first rough stockaded fur post.

A hundred and eighty years soon the first white man wintered here—and four years since Diefenbaker first represented the town — P.A.'s progress is still not spectacular. The tattha plain looking town stretching along the river still depends on mixed farming and timber products, tourists and the Department of Natural Resources of Saskatchewan. Maybe the uranium deposits at Lac La Ronge and nearer will be developed. There is hope that R. C. Campbell of Vancouver will shortly commence work on a long mooted sixty million-dollar pulp plant near the site where at the end of World War I P.A. boasted the largest sawmill between Ottawa and the Pacific coast.

This winter the first shot in the uranium rush from construction locally credited to John Diefenbaker. This winter work is under way on the half a million-dollar laboratory where the effects of northern lights on radar will be studied jointly by Canada and the United States Air Force under peculiarly perfect atmosphere conditions. But the key to real progress now lies in the phrase often in the air.

The North Saskatchewan is a hard and swift and treacherous. It has long separated the south from the north. It will continue to retard P.A.'s northward development until it is adequately bridged. When then does Diefenbaker stand to establish up to the long needed symbolic structure?

To the visitor who wonders when south will really merge with north P.A. who the town can hope to become a gateway to the uranium fields, it is apparent that even Diefenbaker is unlikely to provide the desperately needed link much as he might like to. A new bridge across the North Saskatchewan is properly a provincial project—unless someone can prove that it is essential to national defense. Only when that bridge is built will P.A. lay on another celebration comparable to the historic tenth of June, 1957.

Meantime, most people in P.A. don't expect the Diefenbakers themselves ever to come back really to live. "This place isn't big enough for them now," said one man. They base their hunch on the fact that Mrs. Diefenbaker has made few changes to the décor of the house on 19th Street West with its green broadloomed chintz living room. And then there's the prime minister's office.

Well, said Diefenbaker's law partner John Cuelenaere when I asked him about that, John just uses my office when he's at home.

The prime minister can't often stop long enough for a haircut. I was told. He and Mrs. Diefenbaker were in town only three half days before the 31st election, the entire local campaign being handled by their friends.

But that's all right, say those friends. "We know they'll keep coming home when they can because they want to and because here they get to talk to ordinary people, neighbors used to grass roots thinking. Maybe that's not a bad thing if you're dealing with folks at the international level." ★

Mailbag

Continued from page 4

✔ Who found Eldorado?

✔ Poor lucky dancers

Under the heading Thin Red Uranium Pioneer (Nov. 9) yesterday published a letter signed by Ernest Hardisty in which it is asserted that Dr. J. Mackintosh Bell not Gilbert LaBine last visited by son in year Sept. 28 issue] should be considered as the real discoverer of the rich Great Bear Lake from which the material for the A-bomb was obtained.

The facts are: In 1900 J. Mackintosh Bell and Charles A. Camsell on a reconnaissance expedition for the Geological Survey of Canada noticed mineral stains on rocks along the shore of Great Bear Lake. Bell announced them casually in his report. Neither Bell nor Camsell ever returned to investigate. In 1929 however Gilbert LaBine flew to Great Bear Lake where in two weeks prospecting he found such evidence of important mineralization that he returned the following spring for a longer stay and discovered what became the Eldorado Mine. Dr. Camsell in a letter when he came to his book *Son of the North* that LaBine went to Great Bear Lake directly in 1930. Bell's report in the 1900 expedition LaBine had visited the area before he ever heard of Bell's report and what his experienced prospector's eye told him caused him to [illegible]—R. M. LEBOURDAIS, TORONTO.

[illegible] *Note: Both were problems [illegible] of the ability to resolve LaBine's discovery in Great Bear Lake in 1929 [illegible] found Bell's report in the library of the mining, [illegible] he returned in the summer of 1930 to [illegible] and the high*

"Poor" dancers well off

About Life Sentence with the Ballet (December 7) Poor things! that they should have to turn down a cute $1,000 a week and then collect unemployment insurance. I can't help thinking how terrible it must afford honors in [illegible]. PALMER, COBOURG, ONT.

A misleading reference corrected

Certain of my friends have brought to my attention a reference to me in the article What Kind of Man Was Herbert Norman? by Sidney Katz in Maclean's, Sept. 28, 1957.

The reference to the Canadian representative at the League of Nations who during the Ethiopian War proposed oil sanctions (November 1935) against Italy" is inaccurate and misleading in stating "The Canadian Government finally shipped him off to Washington as High Commissioner." The fact is that my continued at the League of Nations for almost two years after the oil sanctions incident when he was appointed to the Canadian Legation at Washington where he served as counselor for more than two years—to January 1938—before being appointed at his own request and solely on his own initiative to the new High Commissionership in New Zealand—was [illegible] a minor incident.

I have Note: *Maclean's apologizes for mistakenly saying that Dr. Rutherford was appointed to the New Zealand post with the title. No information is available as to why he was not appointed.* ★



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ON TV: Barry Morse hams happily in wig and whiskers for make-up artist Winnifred Bell.



ON RADIO: Morse "takes five" along with studio orchestra during a rehearsal. He started acting at fifteen. Today he makes eighteen thousand a year.

"Here I can act," said Morse, "as long as I can stand up and stay awake"

The star who can't stop acting continued from page 26

to better himself. He'd escaped for the afternoon that bygone day in 1935 to audition for a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London because he'd read that the scholarship carried a subsidy of three pounds a week, or more than three times his wage as an errand boy in Bethnal Green. He'd never seen a play in his life. He chose to try out in the part of Moncrieff because, on ransacking the drama shelves of the public library, he decided Algernon was a proper toff's name.

But as Dame Sybil, who was one of the judges, pointed out, Morse was not merely funny; he was also, she said, "strangely moving because of his utter sincerity." So, out of a field of two hundred and fifty, he won.

Today Morse, who screams at his two children if they slur a syllable, has so thoroughly mastered the plum pudding of the well-bred British accent that he's been called on to play Professor Higgins, Shaw's phonetic perfectionist, at least twice. In fact, Higgins did no more for Eliza than Morse did for himself during two years at RADA and fourteen years on the English stage.

He has digested many mysteries of high-class British custom. He can distinguish between U and non-U usage as defined by Miss Nancy Mitford. For instance, he says "table napkin" rather than "serviette" and "looking glass" rather than "mirror." "I'm a terrible word snob now," he admits.

When he is not on theatrical premises he wears discreetly tailored eighteen-guinea shoes and suits of spun Savile Row cut. He customarily hurries around to the curb door of his car to hand out female passengers. The car itself is a three-year-old Jaguar saloon and Morse was dismayed not long ago when a columnist reported that Jaguars were starting to be called "the spiv's Rolls Royce" in London. For what it's worth, J. Frank Willis, CBC executive, said recently: "We have good actors who can play English character parts, but no one to match Morse in his authentic aristocrat."

But in spite of his successful U turn, Morse retains the cock sparrow self-confidence that set him to compete for the RADA scholarship in the first place. At the time he told himself, "I'm better than those la-de-da boys." Today he says, "I'm a good actor," and adds firmly, "The next ten or fifteen years—the next twenty, I hope—will be my best."

Morse, in fact, is an odd and disarming mixture of street Arab and gent.

An English novelist once described the true Cockney as "all sharpness, materialism, realism and repartee." Morse is materialist enough to buy his fine clothes at January sales and to furnish his six-room $140-a-month flat in midtown Toronto at auction rooms. He's realist enough to forestall critics by publicly calling himself "a [illegible] penny."

His candor extends to other weaknesses; he has described himself, on occasion, as "conceited" and "a coward." His repartee is so colorful that even his rages make a good show; his daughter Melanie, who is twelve, has been heard to say, "Goody, we're going to have a scene." Morse once threw a tin cup at a TV camera in dress rehearsal because the cup was a makeshift for the pewter tankard the script called for. And in the matter of sharpness Morse is a true product of the London slums.

Four roles for less

The CBC being the biggest steady market for his talents, an actor in Canada doesn't usually cock his snook at the corporation. Morse, however, has beset the CBC one way and another ever since he's been in Toronto.

For instance, early in 1954 a network drama show defaulted and the CBC decided to fill in with a repeat performance of Ebb Tide in which Morse had earlier starred. There was no time to groom a new lead so Morse, who describes himself as "cunning minded," demanded and got four hundred dollars. He had played it the first time for $280. A year later he went on strike for still more money. It was right after a TV production when Morse had played four different men proposing to four different girls played by four different girls. Morse did some figuring and found he'd have earned twice as much for the same work if he *had* been four different men. So he drew up a personal wage scale and began refusing TV offers that failed to meet it. He turned down four successive shows before the CBC threw in the towel. He has not since been offered a one-hour lead for less than five hundred dollars.

Besides his wage packet, Morse is prepared to skirmish over policy. When he was offered the lead in Macbeth two years ago the CBC said his fee, a thousand dollars, represented their new top price for this kind of production. Morse objected to the whole principle of pegging maximum prices and demanded a thousand *and one* dollars. With CBC officials exasperatedly offering him dollar bills from their trouser pockets, Morse stood firm: he wanted the unprecedented fee on record. The CBC finally capitulated but, observing some dim corporate point of honor, made out the cheque for a thousand and fifty dollars.

Morse, who has also served tellingly on the local executive of the actors' union, can get away with such gambits because he is a very useful and versatile actor. "My dearest enemies," he continues wryly, "will say I'm a sort of circus horse, that it's all done by numbers. But—" He pauses. "I'm struggling with an epigram," he grins. Then: "A trick is the name given to technique by people who haven't got any."

Morse has now moved on to bargaining about ballyhoo. He points out that a billing clause is always part of a stage or screen actor's contract. "It's as important to a star as the money," he says. One billing wrangle between two Hollywood stars was so bitter that their names had finally to be crisscrossed like a railway intersection sign, so neither name could be said to top the other.

CBC contracts do not contain billing clauses and when Morse first demanded one he was told it might take two years to arrange. Morse started his campaign by offering to lower his price fifty dollars in exchange for a billing clause. Next he threatened to raise his price two hundred dollars and actually raised it a hundred and fifty. Lately he has been accepting leads on the private understanding of the drama department that all publicity will list him as star. A few months ago, when he decided one such gentleman's agreement had been violated, he telephoned the supervising producer of drama half an hour before camera time and announced he was withdrawing from the lead. He was persuaded to continue but the single threat seems to have kept the drama department from dishonoring its unwritten word since then.

So highly developed a survival instinct is a clue to Morse's Cockney birth. He comes from London's East End, the tough, tawdry, down-at-heel slum district where Jack the Ripper once prowled and spivs and Teddy boys now roam.

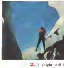
Morse's parents, however, were the respectable poor; they had a small shop



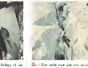
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2. "I might still be falling if my climbing rope hadn't held. I'm convinced there was no bottom to that crevasse. And there I was, dangling foolishly in a chasm of ice walls, my ribs bruised and my pride shattered."



3. "The only way out was straight up. And sheer, slippery ice all the way. My buddy secured my rope topside. I used my prusik slings, hoisting my weight up and out of there with those movable loops of rope. It took forever but I finally made it."

4. "Chateau Lake Louise never looked good after that experience. Especially when I ran into an old friend from home—Canadian Club. The bridges may fail you but [illegible]. I find it the favourite wherever I travel."

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in a guy little row where they sold tobacco and beer for home consumption. Their living quarters above the shop were steeped in the rancid smell of fish and chips from a neighboring purveyor's. Morse still cannot eat fish and chips nor will he touch beer.

Under the Compulsory Education Act Morse stayed at school till he was fourteen mostly spending his energies on making trouble and on mathematics for which little was thought. Then he got a job at delivery boy but it gives both the manufacturer and the youth a chance to part company when he read about the RADA scholarship in a newspaper (and decided never having acted before that he was a cinch to win).

He was the youngest student at RADA and most of his classmates were young Rhodes just down from Oxford or Cambridge on debutante who regarded the academy as a sort of ultra finishing school. All of them spoke well but Morse found that on stage he was a mitch for any of them. Even now he says: "For an actor like Charlton Heston I haven't a chance and I do."

At seventeen Morse graduated from RADA into repertory and during four thirteen weeks in fourteen assisted companies achieved remarkable poise, wife and matriculation.

The wife was a dark haired dark eyed Yorkshire actress named Sydney Sturgis. She had been born in Malaya of English and Canadian parents had been reared to speak so well that she finished up teaching English in South America for a time had returned to England to go on the stage and had wound up in the same repertory company as Morse. Sydney still finds time on occasional stage or television jobs and intermittently conducts a radio program called Poet's Corner.

The RB turned up shortly after that marriage in 1939 when Morse tried to enlist in the Royal Navy. He spent nine months in examinations and used the time to start the full education he'd been at till then. He can now talk disarmingly and confidently on subjects ranging from theatrical history through antiquity to plumbing.

In 1941 Morse advanced on the West End and by the end of a decade had a three inch listing in the theatrical Who Who two children Miriam and Hayward both of whom have since turned into accomplished child actors, an English nanny to look after them an adopted daughter in the form of things to buy portrait bought at auction at a Red Cross function lady named the Countess de Grammont and a third working agent.

But in 1951 when the Morses decided to visit Sydney's mother in Montreal for the summer Morse privately inspected the idea of immigration.

He was beginning to feel cramped by his own talents by regent lessly disrupted for him only those offers that would relegate the Morse persona to the Morse pure. Morse thus feels that the only thing for an actor to be doing is acting, wanted constant theatrical workout in each of the many rounds his prestige. He made his first tentative to sell against the West End's uniform—then Noel Coward tricked him to take a lead in his new musical comedy Ace of Spades.

Morse thought the script rubbish. He could not honestly bring himself to be blunt. He told Coward. The manufacturer's initial polite interest Coward immediately withdrew with two reasons. Morse and more refused. Coward himself took to take it by hand by Cowards that night about the script through the dressing room and said all without looking back.

Unfortunately Morse had no second thought in the cab that Coward telephoned. Mrs. Morse said her husband was on his way over. Morse was furtively stuffing the script in Coward's letter box when Coward opened the door to welcome him. Some hours later Morse escaped still without reading the script or saying a categorical no. He finally settled the matter by taking a plane commitment. But he began to wonder if he couldn't manage his affairs better in North America.

"I'm forward" he explains. "I try to solve problems geographically."

During this holiday in Montreal the Morses did a play at the Mountain Play House and picked up some work at the CBC. In the fall a part for Morse was written into Laura. Limited a soap opera television was about to be inaugurated. Morse told himself with some satisfaction. Here I can loop along a long I can stand up and stay awake." He raised in the autumn boat thinking and decided to stay.

In 1953 after the launching of television, Morse got himself written out of Laura. Limited (the author obligingly died in her maid) and moved his family to Toronto. By the end of 1954 working twenty hours a day he'd pushed his annual earnings to $14,500 and emotionally had unmarked that Morse was playing roughly for CBLT but hockey. Today Morse figures his annual earnings at eighteen thousand dollars — with his salary infinitely less than seventy. Largely because of his big stick. John Cotter Morse's gainful work day now averages only twelve hours.

Actor as director

Typically what Morse has done with his new leisure time is invest it in more show business activity. He has for instance been acting as an adviser to actor John Drainie in his plans for a platform performance of an all French program.

Then there are his plans. Just now Toronto theatric He and Bill Freedman a Toronto entrepreneur have acquired options on two Broadway comedy successes. Visit to a Small Planet and The Matchmaker.

They have also been superintending the preparation of Jo, a musical comedy version of Little Women. Morse and Freedman spent most of last autumn in an unsuccessful search for a movie house to buy and convert to a legitimate theatre. Now they are borrowing the Coronet Toronto theatre already in operation to open Small Planet next month with Morse in directing and cast. But they still hope to have their own playhouse by next fall and put in business for themselves.

In fact when you three theatrical activity these days Morse is likely to be on hand taking part chairing on attending funding. He himself to the general lobby. Why. He does he himself now to be trying to look like a stockbroker.

To England just after he graduated from RADA Morse's agent with whom he maintains on the street for a buoyant man. To that and he used to add extra to the age to effect a pukka old boy entry. Walking stick flat cap Cavalier bowler way to being an authentic business man — and probably that had to a charitable financial—Morse now all we limself to appear reckless in the old-time dish and pity related hats that tips, sloppish ties than ... aks. In them with his keen humility with the true and his number 11 cab brown Trilby look which he wisely left in Canada.

Cochem he points out in his wisdom will be a time when he can confidently depart able." ★



Who owns it, anyway? continued from page 15

How can we claim sovereignty in space, asks an expert, when our skies are forever moving?

Convention" states clearly that every contracting state has "complete and exclusive sovereignty over the *airspace* above its territory." However neither the term *airspace* nor *aircraft* was spelled out to avoid.

What exactly is meant by airspace? Most aeronautical authorities after carefully examining the text of the 1944 agreement feel that airspace refers to the fifty mile blanket of atmosphere that envelops the earth and in which it is theoretically possible for winged aircraft to fly. The higher you go, the thinner the air becomes. Although there are a few stray molecules of oxygen in space several hundred miles above the earth at about fifty or sixty miles there is no longer sufficient density to sustain flight. However the nations of the world at the time they worked out the 1944 agreement were not concerned with spacecraft which can move through space without atmospheric support. That's why nobody at the time was concerned with how far airspace went up" says Dr. R. H. Mankiewicz, of Montreal an ICAO legal officer.

To try for at least the beginning of sanity the International Astronautical Federation—an organization interested in rocketry and space travel—recently appointed a committee of three lawyers and four scientists to define the outer limit of airspace where, for all practical purposes the atmosphere ceases. Within these limits over its territory each nation should hold undisputed sovereignty according to one school of legal thought.

The area above the airspace would be designated as "space" and would be free to all the nations of the world for peaceful purposes much the same as the high seas. This principle seems to be in force at present. No responsible body of government has charged that the Russian Sputnik violated national sovereignty," says Oscar Schachter legal director of the U.N. Furthermore, Dr. Norman MacKenzie an international lawyer who is now president of the University of British Columbia strongly opposed any attempt to limit the activities of earth satellites at present. "Our job now is to get up into outer space and solve as many problems as possible as quickly as possible."

A notable dissenter from this simple two zone theory is John Cooper who in addition to his work with the International Air Transport Association is also chairman of the Arctic Research Foundation and a public relations man in Los Angeles. He set forth a controversial suggestion that would divide the air into three zones. The first zone would include the fifty mile strip of airspace and on this area each nation would reign supreme. "This would safeguard the nations territorial waters," says Cooper. Zone two would extend to a height of six hundred miles and would be known as a contiguous air zone. Again this can be compared to "contiguous waters" in maritime law. In this area the state would allow the passage of aircraft ships from countries but would retain some jurisdiction for purposes of self protection. Zone three would comprise all the outer space beyond six hundred miles—a territory free to all under the same as the high seas on earth. The three zone system may be limited but it's the result of a good deal of thinking and scientific investigation" says Cooper.

An opposing school of thought represented by the English lawyer C. Wilfred Jenks, holds that Cooper's plan is thoroughly impractical it's impossible. Jenks says to fix an area in space that perman-



ently corresponds to the territory of an earth nation. "Seventy into space beyond the atmosphere is inconsistent with the basic astronomical facts. he continued. Everything in the universe is in motion nothing is unmoved. The earth revolves on its own axis and rotates around the sun the sun and planets move through the galaxy. Nothing remains still for even the smallest section of time. Thus, the same space that may be over Britain one minute may be directly over

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"Control of the moon is a critical matter. Who controls it controls earth"

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Again ask the nurses of Congress three zone system how would a nation possibly exercise sovereignty over space? The enormous distances between the satellites of the earth and entire spans would make it impossible to state whether an event occurring in outer space had occurred above any given state Further more says England's Shawcross, a rocket travelling vast distances at tremendous speeds is incapable of detection much less of interception from the instant it leaves which it is in any particular moment Because the territory of any nation on earth is so inconsequential compared to the area of space Jenks describes the notion of sovereignty of space as ridiculous" He says It would be like the island of St Helena claiming jurisdiction over the Atlantic Ocean

Many aviation law experts such as Pepin of McGill believe that squabbles between nations about air sovereignty could be side stepped if all space travel were to be placed under international control Jenks would like to see the authority over space vested in the General Assembly of the UN acting on the recommendation of a body such as the International Atomic Energy Commission A spokesman for ICAO says Control of space should be handled over to ICAO For seventeen years we've had the nations of the world working together to promote safe air traffic To get to outer space ships have to travel through the atmosphere—a realm which has always been our responsibility Maxwell Cohen of McGill suggests that perhaps a separate agency is required because the ICAO mentality may be geared too closely to the idea of national sovereignty in the air"

Whatever agency is finally established—if one is established—nearly everyone but the Spheric Russians seems to agree on what its responsibilities will be To begin with the nations will have to agree on a schedule of launching satellites or space ships. Within the next five or ten years there may be scores of space craft belonging to a dozen nations moving about in space Their ascent may become a menace to ordinary aviation Again with heavy traffic in outer space some form of control will be necessary to avoid collisions If there are manned space ships their accidents may lead to a loss of life as well as property

In the near future it's inevitable that there will be wide experimentation in getting space craft to re-enter the atmosphere and land on earth This involves the possibility of damage to people and property Satellites and space ships therefore would have to be legally identified so that a person or government will know whom to sue for damages Perhaps an international insurance fund should be set up to safeguard against such damage says Pepin

R. H Mankiewicz the ICAO lawyer suggests several other fields for international agreement We'll need rules for search and rescue work "he says If an accident happens you might have dozens of people floating about in space Who's going to rescue them—and how? There should be a pooling of meteorological information to give warnings of meteors and other navigational hazards For the common safety international control requirements should be established for the airworthiness of space craft the quality of launching and re-entry devices and the qualifications of the navigators and pilots of space ships.

Andrew Haley a fifty four year old Washington lawyer who has pioneered in space law believes that there's an urgent need for the nations to begin special radio frequencies for space to-earth communication He points out that in Sputnik I the Russians were transmitting signals on a frequency of 40 003 megacycles

By international agreement that channel has been assigned for astronautical satellites in Zone Two and Three in the Eastern Hemisphere he says That's not hurting anybody right now but it's a violation of the assigned use of frequency If we keep on misusing assigned frequencies we're going to get things fouled up

The lecture predicted by Haley will come when there are dozens of craft in outer space each one sending and receiving messages

Then too the UN's legal director Oscar Schachter points out that with proper equipment a space station could broadcast radio and TV programs to every country in the world—a powerful propaganda weapon that would also interfere with local programs Clearly some regulation is needed, he says

What do the Russians think?

Perhaps the most fascinating area of legal speculation about the space age revolves about the question Can one earth nation lay claim to the moon or any other heavenly body? Here again the opinion of the silent Russians for the time being at least means more than all other opinions combined But legal figures in a dozen countries are soberly considering the problem in spite of the Soviet silence

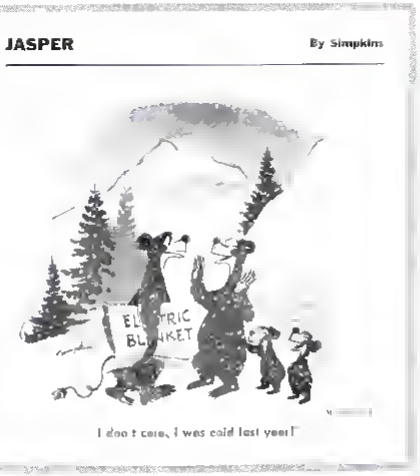
One of the most prolific spokesmen on the subject is Haley of Washington who is a member of the International Astronautical Federation and general counsel to the American Rocket Society Haley besides being president of a rocket manufacturing company has also served as a lawyer to firms engaged in radio and television broadcasting commercial aviation and rocket propulsion To him the question of occupying extra terrestrial space has some immediacy because the Russians have announced their intention of sending a rocket to the moon and later a manned space ship

"Possession of the moon is a critical matter he has observed like many men experts "Anyone who controls the moon controls the earth The moon can be used as a base for destroying the earth —a mammoth industrial launching platform for nuclear weapons" The moon-owning nation could entrench itself by exploiting the minerals known to exist there Furthermore it would have a tremendous advantage in exploring and possibly occupying other planets in outer space

On the subject of claims to the moon most lawyers like Mankiewicz say We don't know the rockets However because the issue may soon arise they are busy studying existing international practices and rules about the occupation of new land The great majority like Dr L. L. Oppenheim of Cambridge University have arrived at a concept as elementary as the concept of Champlain and Cortez the only real test of occupation is the ability to bring order and to administer the new territory

Applying northern and primitive to the exploration of outer space Oscar Schachter does not believe that the moon can be discounted It's been seen by people all the world do say However this only applies to the bright side of the moon the dark side has never been seen Thus if the Russians were to send a satellite around the moon capable of transmitting pictures by TV a night convert into a claim of discovery under the territorial standards of claiming sighting

If the Russians place a rocket on the moon or land people there Aquila Haley believes they will be in a strong position—not only in fact but in law to lay claim to the whole satellite Norman Mankiewicz of the University of



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British Columbia disagrees. "The theory that landing would comprise possession is ridiculous," he insists. "If the Russians land on the moon it's an interesting scientific fact — nothing more. They'd have to occupy it and demonstrate effective control.

One of the ways of doing this obviously would be to keep other people off. However, Mr. Mackenzie doesn't believe that occupation of the moon is likely to be a matter of conflict because of the many physical difficulties of survival there. "It will be like learning to live at the bottom of the sea," he says.

Some lawyers regard all discussion about possession of the moon as utterly hypothetical. "It makes entertaining talk," one lawyer told me, "but the laws will only be written after the matter has become a real issue." A number of Canadian diplomats scoff with a background in international law says Sorenson will find fifty miles away from the surface of the moon pointless. The two Ottawa might settle the matter by fiat. He thus might decide to place the dispute in the hands of an international court or a commission hastily appointed for the purpose. R. H. Winkworth sums up this couple pragmatic approach in these words: "If the Russians build bases on the moon and set up manned outposts, national emblems, they've wasted their money."

Does the UN own it?

To head off the possibility of wars of conquest over the ownership of the moon a strong sentiment exists among many statesmen and lawyers this side of the Iron Curtain to declare the moon — as well as other extra-terrestrial bodies — to be international dominion properly under the jurisdiction of the UN. Psychologically and emotionally the moon has always belonged to everybody, says Oscar Schachter, International co-operation to point out is desirable in the field of scientific observation and exploration. It must be in conquer space in the near future. Andrew Haley, an unregenerate idealist and optimist, favors the UN's calling an immediate international conference for the purpose of proclaiming that "the moon belongs to no earthly government. Their occupation would aggravate, rivalry from the moon. That the moon won't be used for attacking the earth and finally that any mineral or other resources of the moon belong to the UN."

Haley mentions exploitation of resources because scientists are fairly certain that the moon contains gold, silver, uranium and other minerals. As the resources of the earth decline, the material wealth of the moon and other extra-terrestrial bodies may become increasingly important. In the absence of international agreements, some complex legal problems might arise. Haley's simplest is powerful imagination in giving examples of the sort of difficulty that might present itself. Supposing, he says, that a South American country finds a mountain of pure iron and begins lowering it to earth. Then suppose that an African group, army, stronger, magnetic equipment forces the mountain away and it lands on the Sahara desert. Who does the mineral belong to? The South Americans? The Italians? The people in Sahara on whose property it landed? To avoid such enigmas, Wilfred Jenks would like to see the wealth of outer space exploited in an orderly manner under the legal aegis of the UN "on the basis of concessions, leases and licenses to various nations."

In bringing from law the surveyors have not overlooked the possibility that intelligent creatures may exist on other planets. To most laymen their discussions on this aspect of space approach pure fantasy. "There may be legally organized societies in space," says Jenks, "and it seems quite that from the effect we should make every effort to conduct our relationship with those people on the basis of law. But he doesn't say whether I should be on the basis of him how or not I've—a delicate point that underlines the complexity of the problem if ever there did arise.

Haley has already given much to the body of law which would regulate the relationship between earthlings and spacemen. He calls it "mutatis" meaning "law for the outer universe." One of the first articles in mutatis would get on to outlawing control with spaceships. "We must rule," says Haley, "that when there is reason to believe that his vessel or planet, on earth, space ship may land without invitation. We must also make sure that no landing won't injure the spacemen. And we must not set out to conquer." Haley doesn't tackle the real sticklers. If we're going to have a well regulated relationship with the creatures from other space, how do we communicate with them?

Haley believes that if the spacemen are of superior intelligence, they will welcome us with open arms. However, if they are primitive creatures through fear that may attack us. In this event, says Haley severely, we would be justified in protecting that human heritage by purely primitive means. Since we know nothing about the physical and mental organization we must take every precaution lest we harm them. They may be extremely sensitive and delicate creatures. We should determine for example whether the following lights might adversely affect them: continuous light, synthetic electromagnetic waves, light signaling, mirror reflected rays from heat radiation from a nuclear process, man's physical and mental properties, human germs, the impact of atom rockets and ruisoms."

According to Haley, all this is premature, may bear no resemblance whatsoever to earth law. He points out that old systems of laws have grown out of human nature — they're based on a particular needs as human beings. Eventually the philosophy of our laws will be derived from the Golden Rule. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. However, says Haley, since spacemen — if there are any — may possess an entirely different kind of nature, just as might not be done if we "lived in the Golden Rule. It might open by saying: "That if we, by and spacemen in any way we wanted them to treat us it might very well mean their destruction." The unique principle of earth law that Haley believes can be applied to spacemen is the concept of absolute equality.

Ultimately Haley believes, there might be created on earth a single supreme authority to which all nations will surrender their sovereignty. This authority would act in co-operation with the supreme authorities of various lunar and planet communities. Their job would be to administer and enforce regulations pertaining to navigation, health, emigration, immigration and so on.

Forever the optimist, Haley says: I believe that the exploration and settlement of space will dignify and enrich man. It will relieve his economic problems. It will make man a more tolerant and wiser person, more by opening his eyes to the endless wonders and mysteries of creation. So far the Russians still hold a lead in their rob ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"The vast Arab refugee camps . . . are breeding grounds of communism and anti-Western feeling"

refugee problem is however not Israel's alone. The United Nations and particularly the Western powers, also bear a share of responsibility for it was they who unleashed Zionism on the Arabs in force which proved to be of unexpected unfairness, and they are under a moral obligation to undo as far as they can the wrong that has been done.

It may not be practical at this stage to implement completely the frequently adopted resolution of the United Nations mentioned above—and I do not think that in the last analysis the Arabs would insist on a literal fulfillment of it—but it is feasible to compel Israel to hand over a bloc of territory such as the Negeb (fifty five hundred square miles in area and relatively unoccupied) where a considerable number of Arab refugees might be resettled. If that were done it might be possible to persuade the Arabs to drop their objections to Israel's use of the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Aqaba, to secure their co-operation in a Jordan River development scheme and in the resettlement of the balance of the refugees in other areas.

The United Nations, on its part might well discharge some of its debt to these unhappy folk by providing the funds necessary for their rehabilitation. But it needs to be clearly realized that there can be no settlement of the refugee problem which contemplates leaving Israel in undisturbed possession of all her illegotten gains. The Arabs will not forgive a further birth until the Israelis have been compelled to make some concessions.

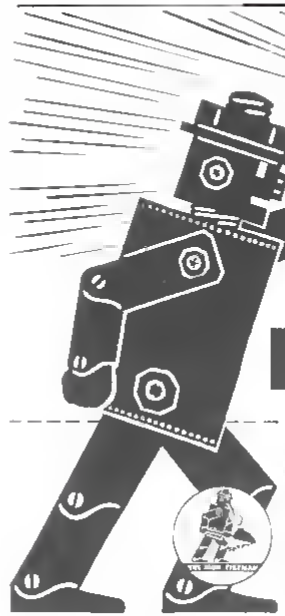
The West while recognizing the inherent justice of the Arab case has been hoping for a solution which would arise here it of the necessity of taking firm measures with Israel. Recent developments in the Middle East emphasize the danger of postponing action much longer. The refugee camps, where nearly a million Arabs spend their days in idleness and where a new generation is growing up in a bitter fury for them is literally breeding grounds of communism and anti-Western feeling. And how can they be anything else when it is the West and West supported Zionism which has brought all their misfortunes upon them? The West for the sake of its own security if for no other reason must compel Israel or modify its present stand and make a settlement of the refugee problem possible.

Little progress in settling the refugee problem can be expected however until the Arab demand for security is first satisfied. The Arabs particularly those of Jordan believe that as long as the refugee fire with them Israel will hesitate to attack for while she is anxious to expand at their expense she is not anxious to assume the burden of caring for nearly a million refugees. Then here the Arabs gave enough has been adequately assured.

By security is meant primarily security against her presents no serious threat for it is reliably estimated that Israel has a well trained and well equipped army of close to a quarter of a million men, whereas the combined forces of the Arab states are neither as numerous nor as well trained and equipped.

It is the Arabs who are in need of protection from Israel not vice versa and the Arabs, of the West rather to grant them protection or to furnish them with the arms with which to defend themselves has compelled them to turn to whatever source of supply were open to them. Having driven them to seek refuge under the shadow of Russia we are now limits at the prospect of losing the whole Middle East—and well we may be! But what did we expect?

It is not only the armed might of Israel which the Arabs fear; they fear the Zionist ideology with which she is imbued. Zionism has with the seeming lymnissour turned seeming driven by the persecuted Jews of Christian Europe in some corner of Palestine. But once it secured the powerful backing of Great Britain and the United States its appetite grew and it aspired in turn for whole of Palestine into a Jewish state and restore the ancient kingdom of Israel. It succeeded in founding a state but this state bears little resemblance to messianic yearnings of ancient Israel. The Israel of the Bible was the hill canaanite now occupied by the Arabs. Modern Israel consists of the coastal plain, the hills of Galilee and the



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Negeb, regions which in Biblical times were largely non-Jewish in character.

This is a fact which must be borne in mind when estimating the potential menace which modern Israel presents to the Arabs of Jordan. The Zionists have been halted for the time being from reaching their goal but there is no reason for believing that they have abandoned their aim. Prime Minister Ben Gurion has reminded his countrymen that Israel "has been established in only a portion of the Land of Israel. Some are hesitant as to the restoration of our historical frontiers fixed and set at the beginning of time but even they will hardly deny the anomaly of the new lines" (Rebirth and Destiny of Israel, p. 466). The implication is clear that if he had his way he would not be hesitant about attempting to re-establish what he regards as Israel's divinely given frontiers. His defiance and effort to hang on to the Gaza Strip in defiance of the United Nations well illustrates this bent of Zionist thinking.

Zionist Israel is not only a standing menace to the Arabs; she is a continual source of embarrassment to the West, which tends to be judged by Israel's behavior. Were it not for the assistance we have given Israel, friendly relations with the Arabs would be possible and an effective barrier against the spread of communism in the Middle East could be built up. As it is, we are involved in supporting an ism (Zionism) which has been responsible, more than any other factor, for breeding communism in that area. (By "communism" we mean, of course, in the Middle East context—"anti-Western, pro-Russian feeling.")

Can Israel expect friendship?

The question now facing us is: Are we going to continue supporting a state which has conducted itself in a manner prejudicial to Western interests? Is it political wisdom to follow a Middle East policy which has as one of its cornerstones continued assistance to a state which has proved to be a canker in the side of the Middle East, utterly incapable of establishing healthy and normal relations with its environment?

Western support of Israel has been largely motivated by a sincere desire to do something to relieve the lot of the Jewish people. The West has been prepared to inflict considerable damage to its own interests in order to help carry out what it regards as a great humanitarian enterprise. But Israel's repeated defiance of the United Nations raises the question whether a change of policy toward Israel is not called for. The United Nations asked Israel to show mercy to the Arab refugees by accepting them back or paying compensation, but she has refused to take them back or to pay a dollar of compensation. The United Nations asked her to refrain from moving her government to Jerusalem as it intended to place Jerusalem and its environs under international control. Her answer was to proclaim Jerusalem the capital of Israel and, adding insult to injury, the proclamation was made intentionally on the day on which the independence of Israel was declared. Such a state has surely forfeited any claim to the friendship and support of either the United Nations or the West.

A change of policy toward Israel is called for not only by her defiance of the United Nations but by an examination of what her establishment has meant for the Jewish people. The West accepted the assertions of the Zionist leaders that the establishment of a Jewish state was the only solution of the age-old Jewish problem and gave its support to the undertaking, shutting its eyes to the injustice which was inevitably involved for the people of Palestine. But what has been the result? Instead of solving the Jewish problem it has aggravated it. It has aroused such intense and widespread anti-Jewish feeling throughout the Arab world that Jewish communities which had lived for centuries in peace and often in considerable prosperity, as for example in Iraq and Egypt, have felt obliged to pack up and leave, abandoning their all.

For European Jews the establishment of Israel has been more of a blessing, providing them with a haven from Christian persecution and with a political freedom which their Christian fellow countrymen frequently denied them. But the ruthlessness which was associated with the creation of this state has surrounded them with a sea of implacable Arab hatred, a hatred which shows not the slightest sign of diminishing. Were it not for Zionism and its political aspirations the Jews might have shared in—and even have taken a leading part in—the economic life of an awakening Middle East. As it is, the Middle East is closed to them now and for all the foreseeable future. The Zionist leaders are the modern counterparts of the Zealots and false Messiahs of the past who led the Jewish people into great unhappiness. There is a Jewish group, represented by the American Council for Judaism, which has perceived clearly the folly of Zionist leadership and the threat which a Zionist state, with its claim to the allegiance of all Jews, poses to Canadian and American citizens of Jewish faith. But there is little indication to date that its warnings are being heeded.

Some Western support of Israel springs from the belief that the setting up of the state of Israel and the "return" thither of many Jews marks a fulfillment of Biblical prophecy. Many Christians hesitate to oppose Israel, in spite of all the excesses of which she has been guilty, for fear that in so doing they may be resisting the working out of a divine plan. But to regard a state whose foundation has been associated with so much political skulduggery, violence and bloodshed as the working out of a divine plan surely borders on blasphemy. Are we to allow a blind bibliolatry to so warp our judgment that we are no longer capable of distinguishing right from wrong, good from evil?

The material achievements of Zionism have tended to blind the eyes of many in the West to its real character, just as the material achievements of Nazism and Fascism blinded many to the evil inherent in those creeds. The destructive character of Zionism arises from the fact that, like the rabid nationalisms already mentioned, it is determined to do something for its own adherents no matter what the cost to other people. For the countries of the Western world to link their Middle East policies in any way with support of such an "ism" is to court disaster.

Peace and stability can only be established in the Middle East if the Western powers, through the United Nations, take whatever economic or military measures are necessary to compel Israel to make amends for some of the evil she has done and deprive her of the power to wreak further harm in the future. The nature and extent of the pressure imposed—and even whether any shall be imposed at all—depends on Israel herself. ★

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[illegible]

Archambault's studio, which doubles as the living room and kitchen of his home, ... His French and his English, though both flecked with the pleasant tang of Quebec, ... [illegible]

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ARCHAMBAULT'S IRON BIRD, a London landmark during the Festival of Britain (see page 11), was turned into an ostrich by David Low.

sightlessly over their shoulders. David Low, the famous British cartoonist, drew a satirical panel about it. Under the heading New Sculpture For an Anglo Am[illegible] Park, it showed The Bird's oddly ostrich-like head buried in a pile of sand. It was easily the most popular bird in England.

The experience with The Bird, though rewarding, was of no use to him now with The Wall. For having committed himself to the terra cotta slabs which had delighted the judging committee, he now had to find a way to make them. Regular terra cotta in the sizes he had indicated would buckle. Slaters' aluminum strips. He had to find a formula for a new, lighter terra cotta that could be baked hard without cracking. And he had to find it quickly. [illegible]

In this he was treading on ground [illegible] by the ancient Chinese and [illegible] masters of terra cotta. Archambault undoubtedly had his moments of [illegible] but speaks lightly of them.

This period was a tense one because time was limited, he explains. In one [illegible] moisture explosion. Two or three heads cracked during [illegible] proportions. [illegible]

[illegible]

to lack of fear. To his sculpture student at the Beaux Arts, or his close friend, painter Jacques de Tonnancour, or [illegible] Robert Ayre, it is axiomatic that Louis will try anything, whether it is in his own field or not. [illegible]

[illegible] Montreal [illegible] Circle's first annual award [illegible] Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, but Archambault [illegible] Christmas presents. [illegible] inspiration for [illegible] the new Ottawa City Hall.

He believes that [illegible] when an artist or sculptor [illegible] example, Montreal painter Alfred Pellan [illegible]

His neighbors know [illegible] his back yard [illegible] The Wall. But they pay little attention [illegible] planning. [illegible]

Archambault will go to Brussels to assemble The Wall and try [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Archambault [illegible] [illegible] Thank goodness The Wall [illegible] still. ★

Is your child accident prone?

Continued from page 17

Both boys fell but only one was injured. Behind the incident the doctor found a scolding father

harm himself. Who put candy-coated pills on the bottom shelf of the medicine cabinet? Who left a loaded gun in the den?

The other indictment is deeper and in many cases more damning. According to some experts, a child's relationship with his parents—particularly the child's ability to communicate with, to "get through to" his parents — has a direct bearing on whether that child will become involved in accidents or not.

The most recent and striking study in support of this has been carried out by Flanders Dunbar. In her large New York psychiatric practice Dr. Dunbar has had a unique opportunity to study a large group of children, starting when they were in nursery school under three years of age, then picking up their careers eight years later and examining their personal and family lives into their middle teens. She found that:

One third of the children had no record of accidents. They belonged to families that remained intact, in which the father and mother got along harmoniously, and in which the children were encouraged to talk out their problems with their parents.

Two thirds of the children had accident records ranging from a minimum of one major and several minor injuries up to the point where accidents became virtually chronic. One youth named Wallace in seemingly endless succession broke his right wrist, then his left wrist, the fingers of one hand, then the other, followed by fractures of an arm, a leg and his nose.

These children had parents suffering from some form of marital difficulties—mutual dislike, quarrels, divorce, separations, fights involving throwing things at each other—which prevented their children from communicating with them.

The lack of contact between child and parent was not always the parent's fault. The death or even illness of a parent could put a child into the accident-prone category. For example, a twelve-year-old boy fell off his bicycle and broke a wrist on his way to visit his mother who was in hospital for a major operation. A thirteen-year-old girl broke her foot at play soon after her mother had been seriously injured in an accident. Dr. Dunbar blames these children's mishaps on the interruption of their accustomed relationships with their mothers.

Usually, though, Dr. Dunbar's accident-prone children lived in a broken or unhappy home. A typical example is a girl listed in the case records as Caroline. When she was eight her mother and father were divorced. Caroline went with her mother, and the other child, an older brother, with the father. From an early age both children had been exposed to scenes of violence between the parents. Caroline had many minor accidents, usually at a time when she was under a strain or was making a supreme effort to keep her temper. The accidents have increased in frequency and seriousness up to the present.

How do accidents happen?

Dr. Dunbar has not been content to establish a cause-and-effect between children's accidents and children's relationship with their parents. She has searched for the actual physical mechanism that causes accidents to happen.

She found in two ten-year-old boys, identified as Tom and Alex, examples of children who were similar in background but who, under different home influences, were vastly different in their ability to avoid accidental injury.

Tom and Alex played hockey for the same boys' club. Tom was an enthusiastic but awkward and not very good player. Alex was the star of the team, a swift and graceful skater and a daring attacker. On a recent day both boys rushed to the dressing room after a winning game. Tom stumbled heavily against the gate, went down in a tangled heap of skates, stick and pads, picked himself up, grinned, and clattered pell-mell on his way.

Alex, just behind him, put out a hand to steady the swinging gate, felt his forearm twist under the slight impact, heard a snap, winced at a sharp pain—and landed in the rink's first-aid room with a broken bone in his forearm.

The two stories behind that small and not particularly dramatic scene at the rink were of a kind that could be unearthed only by an understanding doctor with the help of great patience and sharp intuition.

Tom, in a hurry to get home to tell his hard-working, loving father the big news ("Today I nearly scored a goal!"), had not hurt himself in the least by his tumble through the gate. At most he had added a slight bruise to the many he had acquired through numerous falls during the game—all part of the fun to be shared with his father.

Alex, whose skill had earned him two goals during the game, hurt his coordination with the final whistle. Part of him was eager to go home and tell his parents of his triumph, but part remembered the chill of his father's words the time before: "That boy's getting altogether too cocky. Next time he comes home boasting of how many goals he scored

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I'm going to take him down a peg or two for his own good."

Tom wasn't under stress" summed up Dr. Dunbar. Alex was. Perhaps the existence and future muscles of his arm worked against both other and multiplied the strain on the bone when there was a small sudden pressure—quite enough to break it open. It could be as simple as that.

This pattern of emotional stress acting on the body to make accidents particularly—even to invite them—is in fact the summarized finding of Dr. Dunbar's in-

cent study of accident prone and non-accident prone children. She concludes that accidents to accident prone children are the result of ill-considered activity carried out to relieve tension and tedium, physical and emotional balance which such added problems as a difficult home life or recurring parents are added to the inevitable routine of growing up.

What can be done about it? The doctor offers two measures. Psychiatric treatment, especially if started early enough, can put a child back on an even keel. "Sometimes," she said in-

cently, a child can be made to understand that a parent's problems are big, too. Children have even been persuaded to feel sorry for the grownups and help to straighten them out."

If takes professional psychiatric techniques to teach such help your parents programs, however, and parents can get luster results if they simply take steps to remove the cause of their children's accident proneness—by gaining poise to their children and trying them

It is interesting to note that the skill of an ordained Alex was the accident

prone child and awkward Tom was accident free. This is an apparent contradiction on which most of the studies of accident proneness agree: graceful people are just as susceptible to accident proneness as awkward ones. Some adult seemingly well balanced individuals turn up repeatedly as the accident wards of our hospitals," says Dr. Dunbar. "They think they are the victim of pure bad luck or divine punishment. In reality they have been struck down by their own emotional conflicts."

Children tend to have more accidents than grownups she believes partly because in their immaturity they are less able to cope with the problems that predispose them to accidents, and partly for a grimmer reason: the tanks of adult accident inspectors are changed by fatalities and by fatal-disability accidents that keep adult victims out of hospitals for a long

Other investigations have agreed with Dr. Dunbar's findings that accident proneness and disturbed family life are connected. At New York's Bellevue Hospital Dr. A. A. Fabian and Dr. Lauretta Bender analyzed sixty-five children with severe head injuries and with histories of two or more previous accidents each. In their reports on many of the children there is frequent mention of "body covered with numerous scars." Probing into the background of these children, the two doctors found that eighty percent of them had parents who were alcoholics, mental deficiency, instability and other physical or personality defects, created an atmosphere in the home charged with hate, repression and violence. Dr. William Langford and a medical group at Columbia University found in a similar group study that a majority of the mothers of injury-ridden children worked outside their homes while none of the mothers of the uninjured group did.

Accidents run in the family

Gradually research workers are building up a picture of the factors that go into making up an accident prone child. Dr. Langford found for example that one characteristic of children with a history of accidents is a chain of relatives who are themselves usually liable to accidental death or injury.

One boy had an uncle killed in a fall out of a window at the age of three, a grandfather killed in an elevator crash, an aunt killed by a car and cousin who still bore the scars of a vat of boiling water he pulled over himself as a child, a cousin killed when people dancing in the apartment overhead loosened a lampshade which fell on the boy's head as he did his homework, another cousin who choked to death on something and other child gave him a father who had had a milk can embedded in his head when it was thrown at him and who later was injured playing baseball.

As in life accident prone children do not know they are afflicted. But seemingly, doctors find a child in whom accidentality is so much developed that the victim goes more than halfway to meet his painful fate. Such a child was one who before his first birthday broke his nose on a fall. At fifteen months he threw himself from a chair and cut his face. He put his fingers to the bone and boldly onto stoves and steam pipes until his skin blisters—yet he does not stay ill he is hit alone, or damaged his slightest wish he sways to and fro and suddenly dives to the floor. Taken to hospital after one such dive he had to be provided with a set of football helmet to protect his head when it landed on the hard floor.

One doctor who examined the boy declared, "His head feels like a bag of bones. When his mother visited him in hospital he promptly crushed one hand in a door. His broken nose was deformed and somewhere in his violent career along with a body covering of scars that belittle he was lost years old he looked like a battered gigolo of forty.

Yet tests showed him to be of potentially normal intelligence. The doctors who investigated the boy's case were not surprised to find a pattern of unhappy family background. R.M. is illegitimate. His mother is an alcoholic and lives with three others, two married to alcoholics. There are numerous quarrels and fights in the house and his mother spanks him daily as a matter of routine habit.

Not all victims of accident prone children are based on the theory of family dislocation, however. Dr. Elizabeth Fuller of Minneapolis, Institute of Child Welfare has chosen to approach the natural problem from the viewpoint of the child's appearance, attitude and behavior in relation to the number of injuries perhaps regardless of the situation or items. Her survey of a school term's experience with thirty boys and thirty girls in one class may be of particular interest to parents who prefer to look to clues of accident proneness in their children rather than in themselves. The survey showed that the boys had more accidents than the girls—an average of 11 injuries to each boy and five to each girl. Other surveys agree that boys are more vulnerable, as much as three times more subject to injury than girls. In Canada twice as many boys as girls die accidentally between the ages of one and fifteen.

In Dr. Fuller's test group all the boys had some accidents, but eight of them were particularly accident prone, and accounted for as many visits to the infirmary as all the other twenty-two boys combined. Some of the girls on the other hand didn't get a scratch all term but a group of four practically lived in splints and bandages. They accounted for half the thirty girls' total accidents with as many as fifteen apiece each.

One interesting discovery was that such accidents that could be attributed to pure chance like a window falling on the eyes or splinter in the seat were most likely to happen to accident prone children long with such predictable hurts as hurt from fighting or burns from playing with matches.

This led Dr. Fuller to recommend that accident proneness is the habit of getting into certain injury-laden situations which the non-prone child would avoid.

Some clues as to how accident prone and non-accident prone children can be identified by behavior and attitude are contained in a list Jesse below drawn up by Dr. Fuller for parents who ask them selves "Is my child accident prone?"

When these clues were applied to individual children they matched nearly the personality sketches of two of the children studied. Karin was one of the few who had no accidents. Frank had more than average.

Kaye is a pretty girl with blue eyes and blond hair. She is very neat and pleasant looking, and seems to enjoy quiet activities more than boisterous ones. Stories and music interest her particularly. Her co-ordination is no better than average, but her routine habits are well established and she rarely runs about quickly. She is a small eater but not "picky" and always tries to finish her meal. She likes other children and is liked by them. In co-operation and ease to play. Although she enjoys being with other children she prefers to play alone most of the time. She is quiet child perhaps even a little retiring.

"A bridge over the phases"

Frank is a rugged awkward youngster of the type pictured like in describing a ll boy. He is often inside in behavior in almost overwhelmed other children with his strength and self assurance. He is quite less anxious interest and plainly ad dress. He is more realistic than fanci ful. He develops extreme likes and dislikes. Probably his greatest handicap is his terrific stubbornness. He takes on a defensive attitude immediately at any kind of suggestion or pressure. He likes in his routine all attention which is necessary because he's skillful at reading people and story telling. He speaks with an extra loud voice and assumes a rather dramatic manner during these recitals. He knows how to use other children to his advantage and likes to be boss although he often follows up what others find.

The story of accidentality to date makes it clear that not much is known of this new human problem and not much help is available to the parent who would like to learn more of the rules and something of the possibility of curing the accident disease. What knowledge there is belongs to psychiatrists and psychologists. The doctor who probably knows most about accident proneness Flanders Dunbar says: "A start has been made in studying bridge over the unhappy chasm that separates the physical from the psychic. When it is completed we may be able to deal with the fundamental causes of accidents. If we now deal with the fundamental causes of inability—by draining the swamps."

Children who had repeated accidents

Persistent even of small
Impatient hot headed explosive
Unduly aroused ranging to hysterical and high strung
Impulsive act on spur of moment
Stronger than average, ranging to exceptionally strong
Self confident ranging to rash and insensitive of social feeling
Rarely show fatigue even unusually vigorous and robust
Energetic tomboys, girls overactive and meddling
Resistant to discipline
Sometimes humanitarily and sassy even rude insulting insolent
Assertive insistent obstinate
Involve others in their injuries

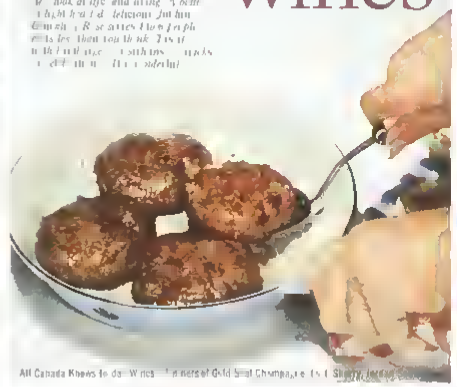
Children who did not have accidents

Grow up before require little or quiet in the face of obstacles
Tolerant ranging to very submissive
Appathetic with emotions slowly aroused
Deliberate ranging to very cautious or calculating
Some physical difficulties ranging to weak
Self-conscious on occasion
Lack in fatigue only satisfactorily
Move with no more than required speed
Became timid maybe even fearful
Courteous gracious mannered
Hold their own but yield when necessary
Seldom cause others to be injured ★



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"The Soviets' propaganda creates its own truth as it goes along"

shall let that pass for the present.

These introductory comments are inspired by the recent arrival in my post of a fifteen-page pamphlet (published in English by the Press Department of the Soviet Embassy in London) to bring to me the full glory of the fortieth anniversary of the October Revolution in 1917. Almost the whole pamphlet consists of Khrushchev's long speech at the anniversary session of the USSR Supreme Soviet.

They are tough people, these Russians. I have been reading the speech until my eyes have grown tired in sympathy—and the pamphlet still has thousands of words to run.

How humorless is Khrushchev in comparison with Bulganin and Malenkov and Dirtchenkov. Instead of one party in power and the others in opposition, the Russian Communists are all in power and the others in prison or in the grave.

If the Russian threat were not so dangerous it would be easy to treat with mocking laughter all the tricks (both bright and dim) the bemused masters of workers' salt mines and peasants' A-bombs philosophize about when declared that history is labor against capital. If that is true, Mr. Khrushchev is the greatest traitor of all time.

In fact, if the Soviet threat were not so serious we might remember that in the bad old Czarist days Russia produced some of the most brilliant satirists in the whole realm of literature and drama. If Chekhov were alive today, imagine what he would have done with Khrushchev's anniversary speech!

Here, in all their sweet simplicity, are the opening words with which he began his account of the October counter-revolution led by Lenin and Trotsky which overthrew Kerensky's gentle revolution that had dethroned the Czar:

> The October Socialist Revolution is of the greatest importance in the history.

No one will deny that claim but to go on and gloatingly thin-skinned surrender that left the fighting to be done by Russia's Western allies is enough to make the gods laugh. For sheer hypocrisy and self-glorification I doubt if there have ever been such words of mocking and puking hypocrisy as those which I quote from Khrushchev's anniversary speech:

> Forty years ago our country, tormented by the Imperialist war, was on the brink of economic ruin. The policy of the Bourgeois and the landowners had doomed Russia to dismemberment by the Imperialist sharks, to transformation into a colony of the big capitalist powers of the West.
>
> Let us make allowance for the fact that Khrushchev was speaking to a people who have lived in communism for forty years. From then until Khrushchev's brutal intervals until today the Russians have been fed with propaganda which has been false stories in own truth as it goes along.
>
> But allowing for the ignorance and gullibility of the Soviet masses, surely there must be some Russians sufficiently intelligent to realize that Khrushchev's speech could not have been more untruthful false to history if he had been addressing an audience of idiot children just for the fun of it.
>
> What then of the Soviet masses who listened to his words? Were there none among them who wondered why the British Empire, France and eventually the United States waged war against triumphant Germany at their real purpose was to destroy Communist Russia.
>
> The two world wars of 1914-18 and 1939-45 were fought by the Western powers to prevent Germany from establishing a military tyranny over Europe. Germany united Nation was initiating from catastrophe into united by an imperialistic program that differed only in degree in 1914 and 1939. But when could Germany look for expansion? Not in the British Isles, not in Western Europe. What Germans wanted in both wars was to secure the wheat fields of the Ukraine. It was the bread basket that they needed more than anything else.

Thus we have had two versions of history—the Russian and the Western—and



MACLEAN'S

since the Russian people have no access to truth except as it is tailored by the official attitude it might be just as well if we recalled some of the known and dead that created Communist Russia as it exists today. Here are my seven points:

1. The revolution that overthrew the Czar was not Communist but liberal. Its leader was Kerensky who might have guided Russia in a difficult future if he had not loyally tried to maintain the war against the Kaiser's Germany.

2. At the end of nine months the Communist counter-revolution led by Lenin and Trotsky overthrew Kerensky's government.

3. The majority of the Russian royal family, under house arrest, were put to death.

4. Russia withdrew from the war.

5. Trotsky, who had run foul of Lenin, escaped to Mexico, where after a time he was murdered.

6. The Kaiser's Germany was finally defeated by the Western allies.

7. In 1939 Britain and France again went to war against Germany and eventually they, Russia remained neutral but in 1941 Germany attacked the Soviet and, as always, the Russians fought courageously. With their instinct for brutality the Japanese bombed the U.S. into the war and the doom of the Axis powers was sealed.

These are the facts of history, not matters of opinion or legend. Therefore how in the name of sanity can the Russians pretend that the West planned the downfall of communism so that the capitalist world could exploit the Russian people and their territory?

The blunt and stark truth is that the 1914 and 1939 wars were in essence civil wars fought by the Western and Central powers. Let us repeat our tribute to the bravery of the Russian armies once Hitler had forced them into the war, but the fact is that the Kremlin Communist rulers had done their best to keep out of it.

According to Mr. Khrushchev he pleads loving amity in the ruins that Stalinism has been busy building a kind of dictatorial state with communism bringing happiness to all. But how did Stalin die? Was there double truth when officially murdered. How did that police Beria die? Did he was executed or didn't. So the story goes on and on.

It may well be that modern science is rapidly making war on a grand scale impossible. It may well be that Russia fears the threat of war will gradually develop a society in which the people will be liberated some of the freedom they have not known for forty years.

In fact the Russian government is the point in their development when they will trust with some slight degree of confidence their own people and the Western nations want to war against the Kaiser's Germany and Hitler's Germany because they were determined to destroy the Russian Soviet state.

If only Chekhov were alive to write satirical comedy on the theme. But under the paternal rule of communism there is no place for satire and little truth.

But alas all what could a modern Chekhov write that would compare in comedy with the foolish anniversary speech of Mr. Khrushchev of Russia.

Let me end where I began. There was the frigid Russian scotty who held my passport aside down at his end of it there was the comic sneer who with a mixture of boredom and animal high spirits waltzed the Americans in a ballroom dance. And there was also the gentle, fair-haired young scotty who smiled friendliness and waved his hand. Can they be molded into a common type of Russian to judge to dream or to pray?

When I started to write this letter there was a full-toned sun in the misty sky but in an hour it has turned to a golden glory. Perhaps some day the Red dawn of communism may also mellow. I will remember the words that Kerensky spoke to me when he reached London after the counter-revolution of the Communists.

I gave Russia five months of freedom. And a people who have known even that much freedom will never rest until they have it again. ★

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Some cannibalism among our caricaturists

Working on the theory that the best should come finally get better, this column exposes the men behind those cartoons that have already become familiar highlights of those yellow pages in the front of the magazine.

The artists concerned are Lewis Parker and Duncan Macpherson.

Not content with robbing them of their anonymity, we also set out to find out how they work. In the photograph above you see the gag working magically (Parker) the one with the bald fellow you see what happened when we asked Parker to give his pen impression of Macpherson and beside it Macpherson's impression of Parker.

Macpherson is young, but in mature illustrator of many Robert Thomas Allen pieces and other articles and covers for Maclean's. But taken his lumps in the ordinary course. Nothing much new then, about Macpherson except that he hold the emphatic belief that the artist's freedom in what he illustrates with his opinions, the bottom of the picture he can achieve. Macpherson thought that colleague Parker was a cinch. Bang on and told he said "That bastard's talent is all dream."

Lewis Parker, who's thirty-one, acknowledges no early debt to Bert Grasset, who does the regular political cartoon in Blue Fraser's Backstage, or Duncan Gronsky, but lined helpful criticism to Parker when the latter was working in an apprentice artist with a Toronto firm in the Fifties. Parker began with art right when he drew Mickey Mouse or Popeye on his school chums' arms with a fountain pen for a nickel a time. Now he's a full-fledged free-lance artist and a burgeoning short-story writer. He already has also published and is presently at work on a play.



PARKER *by Macpherson*



MACPHERSON *by Parker*



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Parade

The vanishing red man

KNOWLTON in Moncton NB a child up in years died the other afternoon by displaying an Indian in full headdress on its last path to Hell. I mount before progress time a voice exclaimed dramatically. "There isn't room for that Indian and me both on this set—either he goes or I go!" Then the Indian went and in came the station's call letters interlaced by the same vivacious drivel serious now and clearly unknown the sound had been on all the time.

* * *

Well, until here again we hope the Edmonton family who wrote in about their well trained chewing woman didn't use her over the summer. When she first started working for them last winter her daily chill was startled them all from bed each morning by banging on the doorbell at 6.30 am. Seemed impossible but nerves being what they are so the man of the house took to leaving the snow shovel on the front porch. She took the hint and turned out to shovel the walk. Last thing and the family awakened most gently by the rhythmical scrape scrape of the shovel were able to make it down to breakfast before she moved her chain up assault indoors.

* * *

Rural mail service gets belted all the time even in deepest Nova Scotia. After one heavy snowfall when the plows had cleared the roads but hurried the mail boxes one farmer found his mail swinging from a branch by the road neatly and tidily in a plastic bag marked onions.

* * *

A Winnipeg Parade scout says he saw it with his own eyes. A dog was sitting outside a restaurant. Then a fox pulled



up and the dog crept out and [illegible]

* * *

Dalhousie [illegible] parking [illegible] sneaks up [illegible] in what [illegible] happened to a well-to-do Vancouver lady but fortunately [illegible] was [illegible] backing the car behind [illegible] it was blocking. There was a minute of unpleasantness with some arguing back and forth and then the woman suddenly sprang from the car. In one leap she was at the curb and had shoved her pickaxe in the parking meter, whereupon the smile of triumph she turned on her slow witted male challenger brought such a jitter from the gathering crowd that he backed up and stole away gnashing his teeth.

* * *

Parents held a lively session on the sex-to-nine-year olds at a recent meeting in Toronto's John Ross Robertson home and school association. One father said he



was aghast at the probable [illegible] much make believe gunplay and [illegible] by today's youngsters. Then [illegible] in the next row spoke up. "My [illegible] went out and bought our little boy [illegible] of sex and told him. Now [illegible] and quit kicking me."

* * *

A Toronto woman who [illegible] scorned [illegible] the speed and [illegible] which traffic raced up and down [illegible] dent street was delighted when [illegible] ties made it a one way street. [illegible] was so annoyed to find that [illegible] [illegible] traffic persisted in going the [illegible] that she rallied York Township police [illegible] but got on the job so efficiently [illegible] first two victims were the prompt [illegible] police and brother.

* * *

A young smart aleck in a convertible trying to make a right hand turn [illegible] busy intersection blasted his horn [illegible] elderly woman pedestrian who was [illegible] was. Several people nearby wanted out of their wits but [illegible] little old lady froze in her tracks put [illegible] the nose of the convertible and [illegible] So oh! Smoke! Instantly [illegible] driver was out of his car had the [illegible] up and his head in the mouth. And [illegible] put his victim reached into the [illegible] by the scruff and let him have a [illegible] lashing blast on his own horn [illegible] range.

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